

MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

AMELIA GERE MASON

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

~~UNDERGRADUATE~~

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

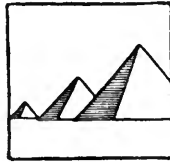


Emily James MacVeagh

MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

BY

AMELIA GERE MASON



CHICAGO
LAURENCE C. WOODWORTH
1918

LIBRARY OF THE URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

COPYRIGHT 1918
BY
AMELIA GERE MASON

920. 7209773

M252m

CONTENTS

Preface	vii
Introduction	ix
Memories of a Friend	3

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAITS

Emily Eames MacVeagh	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Emily Eames, at the age of four	Facing page 9
Emily Eames MacVeagh	" " 25
<i>from a photograph, 1909</i>	
Edith MacVeagh, at the age of five	" " 49
Eames MacVeagh, at the age of twelve	" " 65
Amelia Gere Mason	" " 89
Franklin MacVeagh	" " 113

ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued*

Eames MacVeagh	Facing page	129
Emily Eames MacVeagh	“ “	165
<i>from a photograph, 1911</i>		

RESIDENCES

The Chicago Residence	Facing page	73
The Washington Residence	“ “	145
Knollwood, Dublin, New Hampshire	“ “	161

Note—The illustration of the Washington residence (facing page 145) was drawn by Hugh Ferriss for *The Christian Science Monitor*, from a photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood. It is here reproduced with the courteous permission of all concerned.

PREFACE

These "Memories" were begun many years ago as a personal record of a life-long friendship. There was never a thought of publication, which indeed the intimacy of the simple details seemed to forbid. Additions were made from time to time, and what was begun as a sketch of early days now presents in outline many of the salient points of a life. The manuscript was always left among other special papers, subject to any changes the years might bring, and addressed to Emily Eames MacVeagh.

But fate has a capricious way of reversing the natural order of things. Today she is gone, and it has passed into the hands of those most concerned, who have thought it desirable to put the rambling pages into a permanent form; while I am still here to add a last line to the best tribute I can offer to a cherished friend. It is a faithful, spontaneous, and entirely unsought transcript of things as they passed. The facts, noted down at the moment in my diary, and a few letters tell their own story. If these serve in any measure to recall the gracious and attaching personality of one who lived a full life and went out of it bravely, the simple record, without plan as it is, will have fulfilled its purpose.

A. G. M.

Chicago, 1918

INTRODUCTION

A great deal of the pleasure of living lies in having lived. It is the memories of those who came to us when the world was fresh and new, that people our solitude and give us a sense of the continuity of life. A few figures stand out in the past as linked somehow with its intimate joys and sorrows, and these become doubly alive as the years go on. We like to call them from the shadows and live over again the scenes that come with them. We project little pictures of them in our imagination. Perhaps we while away the silent or lonely hours by putting these memories into visible form. This is what I am doing now. The picture may be dim and imperfect, but it is a true record of one I knew and loved in childhood. We have often gone separate ways, but the early affection outlasted time and change.

MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

MEMORIES OF A FRIEND

I

WHEN I first saw Emily Eames she was a child of eight years. I was older, but still at an age when impressions are vivid and lasting. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship and I have always retained a clear picture of her as she was at that time. She had a singularly winning personality. No one who knew her then could forget her fascinating ways, her enthusiasm, her energy, her facility, and her boundless affection. Her face was mobile and expressive, her hair of a bright auburn, and her blue eyes fairly danced with love and joy. She was apparently quite unconscious of herself and seemed to care little then for dress or personal adornment. Perhaps she was still too young to think of these things, which grow so naturally out of a taste for the beautiful and a wish to please. Her love for her friends was uppermost and for these she had a veritable adoration which showed itself in everything she did. I recall one instance of her devotion, when she insisted upon leaving the family pew at church to sit where she could have a full and constant view of her

idol of the moment, who in this case was destined to play a more or less permanent part in her life.

During these early years I never saw in her a trace of the selfishness or ill temper that so often mars the attractions of a much petted child. She was wilful and determined when she set her heart on anything, but she usually won her way by persuasion and a thousand little graces of fascination, rather than by direct insistence. If other devices failed, however, she did not hesitate to insist, or resort to various diplomacies to gain her end.

The same intensity of affection that made her love for her friends a species of worship, also made her passionately resentful of any wrong done them. She did not readily forget an injustice to those she loved, though she was never revengeful. I have often heard her say that she could not cherish a resentment long enough to be dignified.

She was born in Utica, New York, but in her infancy her family removed to Ottawa, Illinois, where her childhood and early youth were passed. It was a flourishing town, with an exceptionally interesting social life. Many of its leading citizens came to have a national reputation. Among these were Judge T. Lyle Dickey, an eminent lawyer and wit who became Assistant Attorney General during Grant's administration, and later, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois; Burton Cook, a Congressman and a man of fine intellectual tastes; General

W. H. L. Wallace, an eminent lawyer, who distinguished himself before losing his life in the Civil War; and Judge Caton, who held many important positions both civil and judicial, accumulated a large fortune, and died at an advanced age in Chicago, where he lived for many years. Mrs. Caton, who was Emily's aunt, was a stately, gracious lady, noted for her hospitality and the elegance of her entertainments, as well as for her large and generous character. There were many others who have left honored names among those who shaped the destinies of the State before money sat upon the throne and furnished motives and standards in every department of life.

Among the various social elements in Ottawa there was a small colony of English people of the better class, who left the conventional life which they had not the means to support at home, and buried themselves for long periods in the comparative seclusion of a new country. From time to time they returned to England for more or less extended visits, and brought back the fresh flavor of a mode of living which was less common here then than it is today. There was something in this exotic atmosphere of established forms, social amenities, and agreeable manners, that appealed strongly to the little Emily. She was by nature æsthetic. She loved the beautiful in all its phases, not only of form and color, but the subtler essence of it as shown in

graces of speech and manner, in harmony of living, in the thousand fine details of even a simple life, saturated with old-world traditions. The very traditions charmed her. She was a pet and a favorite in these pleasant homes, and was never weary of listening to tales of an order of things which suggested a sort of fairy-land to her childish imagination. Inspired by these romantic tales and dazzled by the mysterious splendor of their setting, this girl of seven or eight years ransacked trunks of old finery and delighted to array herself in the silks, brocades, laces, and jewels of bygone days, and play improvised dramas in which knights and court ladies had a conspicuous place, with hoary castles, and stately halls, and beautiful parks, as imaginary backgrounds. This love of the ceremonies and accessories of an old civilization never left her, and it colored all the tastes and aspirations of her mature years. She was never content with material luxury, which she always had, according to the measure of the time, but it was her life-long aim to crown the force, the energy, and the often crude ambitions of modern life, with the grace and charm of a calmer and more settled existence.

As she grew older, her interests enlarged rapidly. She learned readily and was eager to excel in every thing she did. She began early to show a keen appreciation of books and of people who represented culture in any form. Her aptness for seizing upon whatever was uppermost in the æsthetic current of the

time was remarkable, even in her youth. I recall meeting her at a dance one evening while visiting my Ottawa friends after a long absence. She had grown into a graceful girl of fifteen, full of the old life and enthusiasm, loving the gay amusements of her age, but looking at the world also from another and more serious side. Music was not her dominant passion, though it appealed strongly to her emotional temperament, so I was the more surprised when she turned to me at some pause in the quadrille, and asked a discriminating question about Madame Lagrange, who was then at the height of her fame, and singing in New York. It was not so much the comment she made that struck me, but the fact that a schoolgirl should think of commenting at all, at such a moment, on the genius and career of a woman a thousand miles away whom she had never seen, and whose life was apparently so far removed from her own interests. It was no doubt partly due to her tact in divining what would be likely to please one much devoted to music, but behind it was the intelligence that even then caught the salient points in the best culture of the time. Though so far from the centres of civilization at a period when they seemed much more remote than they do now, she kept herself *au courant* with what was going on there.

A little later she came directly under the influence of Mrs. Henshaw, the wife of a retired naval officer, a woman of strong intellect, large character,

and great personal distinction, with all the charm of social culture and the refinement of a New England gentlewoman. Her exalted ideals and fine enthusiasms were an inspiration to the impressionable young girl and held her attention to more or less serious things. She directed her reading into the best channels and gave her a taste for the solid forms of literature. Taking into account the material with which she had to deal, she marked out a course of training that led to definite ends, and left a strong impress on the facile character which had for her, as for others, so attaching a quality.

It was Mrs. Henshaw who suggested for her Miss Dutton's school at New Haven, which at that time offered unusual facilities in many directions for a young girl's education. She had lived in New Haven herself, was partly educated there, and had a personal knowledge of these advantages, as well as of the atmosphere into which her little friend would be thrown. It was before the days of colleges and university degrees for women, but there were ample opportunities there for gathering the knowledge of history, art, and literature, which held the first place in Emily's interest. Art was then largely studied in books, and I have often heard her speak of the delight she had in a teacher who was not only an ardent disciple, but a friend of Ruskin's, and read to her pupils his occasional letters. Such facilities for seeing pictures as came to her through an acquaintance with



*Emily Eames
at the age of four.*

a few distinguished artists, and frequent visits to New York, were eagerly embraced. But the glimpses she had of an intellectual social life were not among the least of the influences which told on her future. The atmosphere that surrounded the Woolseys, the Sillimans, and other leaders in the best life of New Haven, was in itself an inspiration. She met, too, many of the college men who have since played a conspicuous part in the world of affairs.

Among these were William C. Whitney, later secretary of the navy, political leader, and noted financier; Professor William G. Sumner, well-known as professor of political economy at Yale, an Independent in politics, and a strong advocate of free trade; Daniel H. Chamberlain, who won reputation as a reconstructionist after the war, and became a popular governor of South Carolina; United States Senator Higgins of Delaware; Eugene Schuyler, traveler, *littérateur*, and diplomat, who had a brilliant career as minister to Greece, *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg, and translator of some of the masterpieces of Russian fiction—finishing his half-completed life on foreign soil with its best possibilities yet before him; and Joseph Cook, clergyman and distinguished orator, who went out of life, too, before he had passed his prime. But most important to her of all this brilliant coterie was Franklin MacVeagh, to whom she was afterward married and whose friends were her friends.

On leaving New Haven after three years of study, she spent two years in New York at a French school, where she devoted herself to the languages, music, art, and *belles-lettres*. Here she received the finishing touches to her schooling. This is speaking after the manner of the world, for in reality she never did consider her education finished, as she was more or less a student, in some direction, all her life, notably on æsthetic lines. She was specially favored in the acquaintance of well-known artists, who made her familiar with all that was best worth seeing at that time; also in her social advantages. Many life-long friendships were formed. Then, as always, the social side of things was uppermost. She loved people, and she had a happy facility in gathering from them what best fitted into her own scheme of life.

The close of her school days left her with many new ideals of living and new standards. These she brought back to her Western home. In the absence of other active interests on which to spend her restless energies, she plunged into books as a refuge for her idle hours. She chose history, biography, and books of travel, in preference to the almost universal fiction, partly perhaps to add to her available knowledge, and partly through a quality of mind that found more pleasure in solid than in purely imaginative literature. With a practical vein inherited from her father, she instinctively sought what she could make use of, or what would add strength and value

to her personality. Her generous enthusiasm and her love of social life came from her mother, whose gracious and abundant hospitality made her a commanding figure in her early days.

II

IT WAS about the time of Emily's return from New York that her family removed to Chicago, which became her permanent home. This was in the spring of 1865. It was just at the close of the Civil War, when stirring events followed each other in quick succession. The echo of rejoicing had hardly died away when the country was stunned by the assassination of its much-loved President. All business was suspended. The city was draped in black. People wandered about, tearful and silent, wondering what was coming next. The scenes of the following days are never to be forgotten. The remains lay in state here for several hours *en route* to their last resting place, and I have a vivid remembrance of being called at midnight to go and see them. The hall hung in black, the profusion of white flowers, the solemn dirges, the weeping crowd—all served to deepen the tragic impression that was indelible.

But the world goes on whoever may drop out of it. Mourning and festivities are never far apart. On the morrow of the great tragedy of the century, people were thronging to the new Crosby Opera House, the opening of which had been deferred until after the funeral. The sombre pall still hung over the city

and every heart was still heavy with grief, but visibly it was a gala night. The house was fresh and beautiful in its white and gold with relief of blue, the audience was a brilliant one, and the opera was *Il Trovatore*. Clara Louise Kellogg, the leading soprano, was at the height of her fame and never sang better. She was a trifle cold perhaps, but graceful and full of charm, with a voice of great clearness and purity. For the next two or three weeks everybody was discussing the merits of the singers. Annie Louise Cary won all hearts with her sympathetic contralto notes and her magnetic personality. Then there was the silver-voiced Brignoli; Zucchi, commanding in tragedy, intense and powerful; Mazzolini, and numerous others—stars in their time, but all gone into obscurity or out of the world today.

Shortly after the close of the most brilliant opera season ever known to Chicago at that time, came the great Sanitary Fair to broaden its interests in many directions. Not least in importance among its exhibits was a fine collection of American pictures, including the best works of Church, Bierstadt, Leutze, Beard, Hart, Inness, Weber, and others less known. It was the beginning of a new era in the history of the city. The interest in things literary and artistic was extending to groups of men and women who were trying to establish a more solid foundation for the growth of finer tastes. Everything was crude yet, but hope abounded, and energy, and aspiration.

It was in the midst of this stirring of new aims and impulses that had not yet found permanent form or expression, that Emily came to Chicago and we took up again the threads of an old affection which quickly ripened into a lasting intimacy. I had to some extent lost trace of her interests and tastes for several years and was pleased to find that time had only added to her enthusiasm for everything that led in the direction of a broader culture. I have a vivid remembrance of meeting her one afternoon soon after she came, and drifting into a long discussion of the various writers and artists of the time. Her familiarity with them was unusual among the young ladies of that day, and I was especially struck with the soundness of her judgment and the seriousness of her tastes. Without being profoundly critical, she was appreciative, and quite in touch with the literary and artistic spirit of the moment. Then, as always, she was keenly interested in the visible forms of beauty. She was fresh, too, from the personal influence of the group of artists who, under the leadership of Clarence Cooke, Eugene Schuyler, and Russell Sturgis, were discussing modern art and its aim in the pages of *The New Path*. This we hailed as a prelude to the coming day, entering into all the Pre-Raphaelite enthusiasms of its young contributors, who were the early disciples of Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt. There was little taste for art in this country at that time, especially in the West, where every one was

absorbed in the race for money and the utilitarian side of life was uppermost. But we had dim visions of unknown regions where people knelt at the shrine of beauty, and we reveled in dreams of what our own civilization was one day to become, with its unlimited resources and its expanding ideals.

Our rambling talks led to an indefatigable search for everything that could throw a ray of light on what was going on in the world of art and intellect. Together we haunted the picture exhibitions, whatever their size or importance might be. We stood spellbound before the brilliant work of Church and Bierstadt, the sombre imagination of Inness, the delicacy and refinement of Kensett, the freshness of Bradford, the thoughtful seriousness of Vedder and Laffarge. Perhaps we were not very discriminating. We devoured every number of *The New Path*, accepted its judgments, and fancied we endorsed its theories. I strongly suspect that a certain glamour which hung about the English Pre-Raphaelites, and the brilliant gifts and youthful earnestness of their American followers, had much to do with our rather undefined faith. We talked of realism, but really loved idealism. The stage of objective criticism we had not reached, and we had no illustrations of the new theories on which to base our impressions. As a matter of fact, the hard literalism and absolute fidelity to detail of this short-lived school would not have appealed to us, though we have since recognized the

immense value of its influence on later art. But what we lacked in knowledge we made up in enthusiasm. We felt the sincerity of much that we saw, and knew that it was beautiful.

If we had not an art-atmosphere or too many pictures, and were utterly without familiar traditions which count for so much, we had at least books that gave us glimpses into unknown worlds of beauty. We raved over Ruskin, saw the wonderful work of Turner through his eyes—or fancied we did—and found a royal banquet in the glowing pages of *The Modern Painters*. We read *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, studied our own crude buildings by the rather abstract light of it, and found them wanting. I even tried to write an article on the beauties of the new Opera House, which represented the finest architectural taste of the city at that moment, and a friend sent me this book as an inspiration. I did not find it illuminating on that special subject, though it *was* inspiring in a larger way. No doubt the paper was sufficiently vague as to architecture, but it appeared in a Boston musical journal which was an authority at the time. Of history there was no end. We searched the pages of Kugler, and Lübke, and Vasari, for light on the artistic past, talked wisely of schools, and interested ourselves in every detail of the lives of the masters from the dawn of art to the latest romantic experiences of Millais and Rossetti.

Many of our idols are rudely tossed aside by the

student of today. New gods have been put on pedestals, to be put off again in turn. I recall standing one day before Harriet Hosmer's *Zenobia*, noting the proud face, the nerved hand, the reluctant step, and imagining the real woman with her power and her tragedy behind the drapery of marble. We are told now that the real woman was never there. Perhaps we had a dim consciousness at the moment that she was not so much alive as we tried to believe her, for I find in my note book a record of disappointment which was traced to the impossibility of putting the depth and intensity of life into colorless stone. Did we read into it the dreams of our own imaginations? If we did they were rosy dreams with inspiration in them. I wonder if the old worship of ideals any longer exists! Does the sun ever really shine for those who devote themselves to finding its spots?

So far as Emily was concerned, all this was a prelude to the passion for artistic decoration and for surrounding herself with rare and beautiful things, which so strongly colored her life in after years, and led her always to take an active interest in those who were struggling towards a realization of beauty in a depressing air. No genuine talent ever appealed to her in vain. But she wished for results, and was never satisfied until she saw the fruit of any gift, however small. She had, to an eminent degree, the art of adapting means to special ends, and was not content with purely spiritual or intellectual values.

She must see them reduced to the concrete and visible. If her extreme optimism often led her to overrate these results, her sympathy and encouragement were none the less inspiring. At twenty-two one has enthusiasms. Emily never lost them.

I often heard her say that she would like to take up some historic or artistic subject and give private talks to selected classes, if her life were not already planned on other lines. A kindly fate had placed her beyond the need of doing anything for the money it might bring, but she looked upon this as a possible outlet for her superabundant energies and a pleasant way of utilizing whatever knowledge she had. It was before the days when women began to flock to the lecture platform, and few were attracted to a mission of that sort, even if it were no more than a quiet parlor talk. Culture had not become a fad and instruction a mania. But Delia Bacon had been much considered in New Haven for her Shakespearean classes until her Baconian theories attacked a popular idol and arrayed her friends against each other. It was her career, brilliant, though tragic at its close, that set a fashion which appealed strongly to Emily's imagination. She thought it opened an agreeable field for women and constantly urged me to enter it. I have a vivid remembrance of seeing her walk into my room one summer evening with her arms full of books, and a servant following with another huge pile. I was just starting for a season in the country

and these were intended for my recreation. Among the volumes which I was expected to take in my trunk for holiday reading or re-reading, were Gibbon, Macaulay, Hallam, Arnold, Buckle, and some large history of art, Kugler I think, with a few of Vasari's *Lives of the Artists*. Libraries were not numerous then, and books were expensive, so this was a welcome offering, but it was rather solid fare to be proposed by a young lady to a semi-invalid friend seeking rest and health among the trees. No doubt she was consulting my tastes, but this formidable array of books appealed to her as a vast storehouse of knowledge from which I was to gather material for a series of drawing-room talks. I suggested that I should come back a veritable blue-stocking, as well as a wreck, and asked if I might not have a volume of Tennyson and a novel or two, just to relieve the tension of so much learning when I was ordered to be frivolous and vegetate. But she was not sure that it was best to waste time on poetry or novels, which would contribute nothing to the end in view and really led nowhere. On this point we were hopelessly, though amiably, at variance, in spite of my own New England birth and training which did not foster the imagination. I was glad, however, to take the books, though, alas, they came back from that special outing mostly unread. Fate, in the guise of a severe illness, was too much for me.

This little incident is a good illustration of her

devotion to the interest of her friends. She was always ready to use her energies in their behalf, and continually spurring them on to make the most of any gifts they might have. She valued, too, work of a solid quality. I was speaking to her one day of a woman of much culture who posed a little, but was genuine in comparison with many who do the same thing today.

"Oh yes," said Emily, "I know her; but don't you think she handles serious subjects with kid gloves? Isn't she a sort of *dilettante* who just skims the surface of things?"

"Perhaps none of us do much more than that," I replied, "but she is at least a thinking woman who does not take all of her opinions at second hand. A social leader who aims at something akin to a literary salon, with scant material at her command, cannot treat things *too* profoundly or she will be left in chilly solitude. You will find that learning in social life is apt to become very much diluted, especially where it is not the rule, but the exception."

She was fresh from an academic atmosphere with academic traditions, and had vague dreams of a literary salon herself, so this subject often came up between us.

At this time of her life I was often struck with the equity of her judgments of people. It was possibly easier for her then than at a later period, to lay aside personal antagonisms or prejudices and put

herself into another's place. She was talking one day of a charming but insincere woman who had been disloyal to her. To my surprise, she spoke of her in terms of strong admiration, dwelling upon her gracious manners, her quiet *savoir faire*, and a certain winning tact in her dealings with the world.

"I thought you looked upon her as untrue," I said, "and here you are lauding her to the skies. Have you forgiven her?"

"Oh," she replied, "the fact that she doesn't like me or is not true to me makes no difference in my opinion of whatever fine qualities she may have. I may not trust her, but I admire people for what they are, not for their attitude toward me. Often those I find most fascinating do not care for me at all. If she is not very true, she is pretty, and graceful, and agreeable. These things count for a great deal. One can't be everything."

It was probably a liking of the qualities rather than of the woman, but youth is not apt to discriminate in that way. Besides, she had a sanguine temperament and her personal feelings were notably strong.

III

IT WAS in 1865 that I first saw Franklin MacVeagh. After leaving the Columbia Law School he had established himself in the law firm of Lewis & MacVeagh, with the intention of making New York his permanent home. But Fate has an inconvenient way of upsetting one's most cherished plans. His health failed and he was forbidden by his physicians to continue the practice of the profession most congenial to him. It was at this crisis in his affairs that he came to Chicago to arrange for another career. I remember well the pleasant July evening when Emily first called with him, and how fresh and alive she looked with her brilliant color set off in a gown of soft white silk. Mr. MacVeagh, to whom she had become engaged shortly after leaving school at New Haven, was then a slender and rather delicate looking man of twenty-five, with clear-cut features, dark hair, thoughtful gray eyes, refined manners, intellectual tastes, and fine ideals which have found a large measure of realization in later life. At that time his success was in the future. What seemed at the moment to be an unkind fate led him to a business career, but he always supplemented a necessary

devotion to affairs by an unwavering interest in the finer things of life. In his most prosperous days he never forgot the responsibilities of citizenship and the obligations that wealth imposes. Everything that made for the moral uplifting of society had from the beginning his cordial support. In spite of the cares and perplexities that inevitably come in the establishment of a large business, his leisure hours were usually given to matters of the intellect. He was a new type of business man in the earlier days of Chicago, and in all that concerned its social, literary, and artistic interests he had a valuable ally in his wife.

On that pleasant summer evening all this was before him, but the underlying strength and integrity of his character made themselves felt at once in his conversation, and it did not require a prophet to foretell what would grow out of them under fair conditions.

But a scheme of life had to be made out. One cannot always think or dream. One must act. In Emily's letters to me during my absence later in the season she speaks of the change in their plans. As it was a vital turning-point in their lives, I will quote a few passages, omitting those personal to myself, though full of the sympathy and affection that colored all she said and did:

"And now let me tell you of some little matters that will change my plans since they will change my

place of residence. You know of course, that Frank has been quite out of health for several years. A year ago last May he left New York at a grave sacrifice and started out in search of health. Then he expected to give up only the summer months, but finding himself unfit for the laborious work of his profession, he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his friends and gave up his winter also. He has been greatly benefited, and we all believe is on the sure road to recovery if he is only careful in the future. His brother Wayne and his physicians think that all this time will have been thrown away if he goes back to New York and to the law, for, in the first place, he cannot *live* in New York as he is now, in the second, he cannot live if he studies. Study is such a mania with him that, although he might make the best of promises in regard to it, he could not be trusted. At first he strongly opposed the change, but the wishes of his friends, my anxiety, and I think his own dawning convictions, have helped to reconcile him, and he has consented, at least for the present. He has dissolved his partnership in New York and entered into a business connection with three other men here in Chicago, which is to come into effect the first of September. This is all that Frank wishes any of his friends to know, and perhaps he would think that I was violating confidence in adding that he is not of the kind to rest content with trade and commerce, and that he does not intend to.



Emily Eames MacVeagh
from a photograph, 1909

This bit is exclusively *inter nos*, you will understand, my dear. I shall not tell anybody else, but wait for time. But we have talked—and I consider you more than a friend. Then he already feels very kindly towards you, and I want you to be interested in him and like him all you can. Do you know, the most delightful part of this change will be the pleasure of living near you. . . .

“Have you seen anything of Mr. L. or the book yet? He declined to see any company here the evening he called. He only heard people in the next room and that was sufficient. Isn't he peculiar in these matters? . . .

“I am intensely interested just now in studying the forms of the various governments and the sociology of nations. Have you ever given any attention to the subject? I have never made it a study before and find an interest in it that is quite surprising. There are so many things to accomplish in this life that I almost despair of ever doing anything worth while, yet I have all the time that anybody has I am quite sure.

“I will send you the *Nation* tomorrow and the prospectus of the coming *Round Table*. Are you writing anything now? How is your strength serving you? I shall await your coming letter with great anxiety.”

In another letter, *à propos* of some question that came up at this time, she writes:

“The greatest power in the universe is love. Our Saviour has placed it not only above all the qualities of virtue, but has raised it to the front rank among the great agencies of life; for it was love in its simple purity that brought Him down from Heaven. It is the excellence of woman’s nature that it is the earthly garden of this Divine quality. It is the great honor and dignity of her nature that God has given her the possession of this mightiest moral agency in all the world, and, in the great chain of cause and effect, has placed her one link, one long link nearer the angels and Himself than are her brothers. . . .

“Frank and Ned Mason have finally decided to take a little trip to the Upper Lakes and will start on Monday. They will return in time to join our party for the St. Lawrence, Thousand Islands, and White Mountains.

“But *revenons à nos moutons*. I have been ‘doing up’ the *Quarterly Reviews* in which I was late, thinking over and discussing them. Now my time is taken up with Thiers’s *French Revolution*. I am much interested in France just now and am making a little study of it. I have finished Horace Bynner Wallace’s book on art and travels. Someone has said that he is an artist without ever having painted a picture and a poet without ever having written a line. His book is pleasant without being great, and specially interesting to me because it takes a different view of art from those I have been reading of late. . . .

"You know that I am interested in all you are doing and in all that interests you, and you cannot be too graphic in anything that concerns yourself. . . .

"Mr. L. was here for a few minutes but would not stay because there was company. He is going to send you Matthew Arnold's *Essays* tomorrow."

Later she writes again:

"We have had such a crowd of visitors ever since my return home that I have found letter-writing almost an impossibility. Nevertheless, I have kept you very near in my heart and thoughts. I have drawn pictures of you every day and longed to be with you. I suppose you have been doing an immense amount of reading, while I have scarcely found time to look inside of a book and that, too, just as all the *Quarterlies* are coming in again and seem, from the slight glance I have given them, to be steeped in richness. Mr. L. called yesterday and I gave him the *Westminster*, as he had not seen it. . . .

"I don't know much more about my European plans than I did when I last wrote. There are so many persons and matters to consider that it is almost impossible to say how things will turn out yet, though I shall probably wait until February. Already I begin to dream of some delightful studies that we must take up together if I am here."

IV

MR. L., to whom she refers in her letters, was a man of rare learning and still rarer intellectual quality, whom I had the good fortune to meet the preceding year while visiting friends. He was born in Russian Poland, partly educated in Germany, and became afterwards an ardent disciple of Sir William Hamilton in Edinburgh, where he was for some time a student. With a fine literary taste, philosophical ideals, and a responsive temperament, he lived in the upper air of the intellect and was a perpetual inspiration. The literature and the best thought of the world were at his command. He was no pedant, but his mind ranged at ease in the fields of knowledge. He was born a critic in the best sense of that word, and only his super-exalted ideals kept him from taking his place among the lights of the day. Careless as to matters of form, he was in no sense a man of society, but a rare conversational charm and something in him akin to genius which never found adequate expression, made one forget small eccentricities which were due to his strong individuality and a naïve unconsciousness or disregard of conventional values. He was a sort of Socrates, or a modified Dr.

Johnson, and if some Boswell had been near to record his words they would have been a veritable gift to the world.

“Mr. L. was always a Prince in our house and everything else had to give way to him,” I heard Mr. MacVeagh say many years afterward. He was a constant visitor there until his death nearly twenty-five years later. But he could never be brought to meet other company unless it were some man or woman of special gifts whom he thought worth while on his own ground. With the small persiflage of a crowd he had no patience. To him it was the “exchange of noodledom.”

If I have dwelt a little on this remarkable man who failed to make himself heard above the din of modern life, it is because of the keen intellectual enthusiasms he brought into the lives of the few he loved and admired to the end. I have often heard him speak in warm terms of the fine quality of character in Mr. MacVeagh, which led him to apply to the bettering of human conditions many of the principles that he himself held only as untried theories.

The influence of such a man in modifying a woman of impressionable nature and flexible tastes, may readily be imagined. We are, after all, the sum of what has gone into our experience, and a little more or a little less of one thing or another goes far towards giving a special distinction to any individuality. Emily Eames had the quality of taking from others

what would best fit into her own plan of life. As I have already said, she liked to see results and never approved of putting one's ideals so high as to interfere with the practical working of things. In this case, however, she recognized the value of the ideals in creating fine standards, but she would apply them in her own way. She would never sacrifice an attainable reality to an unattainable ideal. Then she was impressed with the wisdom of this mentor, who had a special niche of his own. Besides, he was unique and interesting. But while her mind was to some extent permanently colored by his views of things, she was never turned far from the direction in which her dominant tastes led her. And these were eminently social.

At this time, however, she was gathering materials for future use. It was the beginning of the new era when science was to throw in the background many of the great thinkers of the past, but the equilibrium between the old and the new was still preserved, and the material side of things was not yet the master it soon became, even in the world of thought. Many long discussions we had on the intellectual and political drift of affairs. That we had the optimism of youth goes without saying, but Mr. L., who was a close student of history and political economy, often questioned the ultimate result of so much uniformity of aim. The effect upon literature he specially deplored. But for the moment we were

rich in dreams, and troubled ourselves little about what was to come. We were not yet flooded with books written solely for money, and dealing mainly with social problems and the dark side of a wicked world. Those who read were not seeking crude reflections of themselves or the greatest amount of diversion with the least mental effort. The latest novel was from the pen of Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Hawthorne, or Victor Hugo, or possibly Dumas. In my records of those full days there are many notes of the books we read and the things we talked about. Novels were not uppermost, but it was the day of great novels and they were not neglected. Tourguénieff's *Fathers and Sons* had just been translated by the brilliant young diplomat, Eugene Schuyler, and opened to us new perspectives in Russian life. The idyllic simplicity of *Arne* took us among the peasants of Norway and we marked with a red letter the name of Bjørnstjerne Björnson. We searched out everything that bore the stamp of genius, and did not think it worth while to waste time over hopeless mediocrity. Ruskin was at the height of his glory—a perpetual joy and inspiration. I think we loved in him the poet more than the critic. We reveled in the beauties of Tennyson and Swinburne, worshipped at the shrine of the classics, but thought that, after all, our sympathies were with the great romantics who were to be the classics of the future. We looked eagerly for something new from

Carlyle or Taine, read the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, pinned our faith to the *Nation*, and speculated on the theories of Darwin and Huxley. I don't remember that we felt at all learned, but the grasp and power of Buckle, the brilliant generalizations of Lecky, the critical insight and exquisite style of Matthew Arnold, never lost their fascination for us. Emerson we quoted as a sage and philosopher; Lowell and the *Atlantic* group were our pride. Somehow we loved high themes and, without any pretensions to scholarship, went to the heart of things as no one has the time to do today.

I cannot give a better idea of the intimate atmosphere in which we lived and the things in which we were interested, than by quoting from Mr. L.'s letters to myself during his absence from the city, in the autumn of 1865. He had taken with him Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, and wrote in the first burst of enthusiasm after coming in contact with a mind that roused and fascinated him. With a word of introduction he launches into a critical appreciation which I should be glad to copy in full but for its length. A part will suffice for my purpose. Referring to Lecky, he says:

"His mind is wonderfully aggressive. You must stand on your guard or you are lost. . . . One of the clear-sighted, insinuating thinkers that you rarely come across. With the exception of Buckle and Mill, he has no peer in the agility with which he throws

an antagonist by force of mere personality, by the mere beckoning to come—‘follow me.’ I have read only a few pages, yet I feel that I must bow and walk gently before the awful majesty of thought. . . . After all said of Emerson’s mysticism, his great aphorism, ‘Beware when the good God lets loose a thinker,’ is eternally true. . . .

“He (Lecky) has a wonderful mind. The mastering of his materials, the marvelous manipulation, the masterly disintegration of elements, the power of sublimating and re-distilling, are beyond that of any living man. He is literally the Joshua of thinking. He commands the facts that have been drifting for the last three centuries, and they stand still at his behest. I promise myself to be worth more, to be actually rich, and to have a large bank account of far more value than a National currency. . . .

“Let Mr. MacVeagh and Miss Eames and you at once obtain an introduction to that man and I promise it will pay you. You will become better acquainted with the topography of European thought, its navigable rivers, its capacity for production. The chemistry of history will become intelligible, and the atomic relation of facts will become manageable. Fling behind you the vexations of wherewith to . . . and place yourself in the anteroom of a peer in the realm of thought. I will assure you of a fine reception. How kindly he will speak to you! How soothing! For he loves truth and nothing else.

“Why do you women not become Hypatias—live for philosophy?

“I have talked longer than I intended, but I am full to overflowing with a powerful presence. If you feel like writing, I shall be glad to hear from you all. . . . Why not ask Miss Eames to send me the *Westminster*?”

A few days later, while still under the spell of his first enthusiasm, he writes again:

“I am still with my newly acquired friend, Mr. Lecky. I am as still as a mouse, I am as patient as a child, I dare hardly breathe while he is talking to me. His truth-loving words still charm me. Truth is the ingrained, predominant element in his nature. He moves up and down the whole vista of history so gently, yet so firmly, that he astonishes you and you wonder how a man with such slow steps makes such quick progress. The little pebbles he has in his slings prove deadly to the Goliath liars that are infesting our historical literature. What Henry Buckle tried to do with the vast expenditure of parade and machinery of intellectual ostentation, he, simple as a child, taking the ecclesiastical skein and disentangling it with the utmost composure, does by showing you that the colors are not fast, that if you only destroy the holy and sacred strand you will find flimsy work on the ecclesiastical loom, and that the workers, poor things, have cheated themselves and others. Yet he reproaches nobody. He arraigns no

one for dereliction of duty. But, as a lover of truth, he hates cant, impudence, and he thinks it better to be told, and he does tell. . . .

"Mr. MacVeagh and his 'Julie' have my regards. The *Westminster*?"

I will add still another letter written under this same domination. But the spell is weakening. It shows the trend of a critical mind:

"My friend: Twelve hours more and the year will be of the by-gones. That is, imagination makes the fictitious boundary. Philosophically speaking, we have no ground for any such boundaries. But no more of that.

"Today is Sunday and I am with my dear friend Lecky. I am about to depart from him for he is about done talking and I must be talked to, so another friend will have to take his place. My opinion of his capacities and mental vision has not changed. And yet? He too, is mortal. He too nods. It is the fatal malady of all reasoners to string their arrows too tight, and, before they are aware of it, the strings snap and become loose. To the latter end he becomes sluggish, turbid. He moves majestically but not with the same calm consciousness that I found in him at first. You feel that his pilgrimage to his Mecca must be done and so he has pluck to do it. But what do I care for his pluck? It is the joyous elasticity of his mind I want, the gushing of the living waters from the rock. It is not the ceremonies

of a Moses, his attitude to strike the barren rock, that interest me, but the sight of the hungry masses slaking their thirst, laving their feet in the cool water.

"If you see Mr. MacVeagh, give him my regards. By all means let him read the book. My regards to Miss Eames. Let her prepare herself for Buckle, Comte after that, and I will guarantee a glorious harvest. Then you will talk about what you thought, not about what you read. Adieu."

I find it difficult to omit much from this remarkable bit of criticism which was written on the spur of the moment while traveling. But it has a distinct value of its own as the opinion of a contemporary when the book appeared, and value of another sort in showing the quality of a mind which had so permanent an influence on those who came in contact with it.

Again he writes at the close of another letter:

"You mention *Christabel* to me. I think it the most musical piece of composition in the English language, that I ever read. I stand indebted to Coleridge for a great deal. You and all women should become thoroughly acquainted with that wonderful man. . . .

"Lecky forever! You seem to think my currency would be at a discount. I always expect it. I live among men, but I am really not of them. I am as much alone when I do business as I am in my room. . . .

"This week must make you write if you can and tell me what you girls are doing. Somehow, I cannot separate you from Miss Eames. My regards to her."

After a curious experience with an old friend who did not comprehend his unconventional ways, he writes:

"There is nothing inwrought in the American heart. The capacity for subjectivity is feeble. It deals with the objective, the *There it is*. Hence it is a formal life—respectable, but nothing more.—Enough.

"By the way, I called on Mrs. H. She was not as open, elastic. Her eyes were not so piercing. That intellectual halo which shone around her head when I saw her last, was not there. And so the charm was gone—and I too was *gone*.

"I am beginning to think that there is no reliance to be placed on the halcyon moments of women. I can always realize my anticipation of pleasure from a man who once gave evidence of mind. I am sure that by a little friction I will succeed in thawing the ice out of him. But not so with women. By contagion I catch the same disease and become inactive, lazy, and then I retreat. I feel sorry in this case because Mrs. H. has an actual reservoir, a mind of capacity, and I am vexed when I meet with that class of mind and fail to enrich my experience. She wished to be remembered to you and Miss Eames.

“Have you sent me the *Westminster*?

“Tell Mr. MacVeagh the next time I meet him I shall have something to speak about and think of. In the meantime, let him read Lecky on *Rationalism*. The most masterly effort in that direction since Buckle, and he has the advantage over B., I think. It will not hurt you and Miss Eames to read it.”

He sent me the book with the hope that I should enjoy the reading of his “dethroned friend.” It is needless to say that I did, though we had many lively skirmishes over his sceptical spirit.

À propos of a satirical arraignment of his iconoclasm, he writes later:

“Your letter pleased me much. The novelty of the strong spice, the fine-edged shafts that occasionally were thrown at me gave a real zest. Who would not like to be called a Swift, even if ironically? refuse the laurel of being classed with Jean Paul? In a word, I felt that it paid better to displease than to please you. I am confirmed in my opinion that your vocation is the satirist. There is the field where you can reach the highest height. I bowed submissively as the shafts flew at me, and felt a sensation of pleasure to see the dexterity of the hand that aimed so accurately. What a grand theme Lecky furnished you with! There stood the selfish man, heartless, feelingless. Bent on nothing but the present. Caring for nobody but himself and, after drawing enjoyment from everything, become an iconoclast. Revel-

ing in the occupation of breaking, forsaking the idols. I was the embodiment of all that. Your pen manipulated it in a masterly way. Thank you for the picture. Yet I felt no remorse. Must I forever be objective? Must I count the beads to prove the worship? Never. Lecky is not dethroned, Thackeray is not degraded because some one else is in their place. . . .

“You seem to counsel me to stop caring for noodle-dom. In other words, insinuating that I myself am not free from this mania, and *etcæteras*, ‘that I can give no better substitute.’ I quite agree with you. I am not constructive. I only possess an eye to detect the error, but shall I abdicate that faculty simply because I have no other? That indeed would be poor logic. . . .

“In a few days I shall be in Chicago and will attend in person at the court to receive the merited punishment. Please read meanwhile Bentham’s theory of punishment. I think it will lighten the penal code for such cases as mine.

“My regards to Miss Eames. If she feels herself aggrieved at my conduct—which I doubt very much—you can tell her if she cannot rely on my honor—that it was absolutely impossible to do otherwise, then apologies are in vain. By the way, that is my code on friendship—at least, a part of it.”

I think this had reference to some failure to appear when expected.

I do not know where to stop in quoting these unique letters of a unique man, which really have no place here except as they throw light on the doings and thinkings of two rather strenuous young women. It is as true now as when it was said by Mme. de Sévigné, that serious reading is needed to "give solid colors to the mind." It is certain that we had serious reading and a good deal of it. Without being very profound students, we were gathering the best thought of the time, and assimilating it, each in her own way. It is easy enough to understand that a woman very much bent on the "how" things are to be done, is not likely to lose herself in the mysteries and profundities of critical thought, though she may be tempered by it. Emily had a pleasure-loving temperament and the tastes of youth. While she was interested to a certain point in serious questions she liked a great many other things. The days of clubs and afternoon teas, which steal away so much of the time of the modern woman, had not yet dawned. Gaiety there was in abundance, but it was limited largely to evening affairs, dances, theatres, and concerts. There were evenings when we listened with hushed reverence to Beethoven, Mozart, and other masters, as interpreted by the Philharmonic Orchestra. We were proud of it then, but it fell in pieces long ago, after fulfilling its little mission. So men ". . . rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things."

But these were asides, like the picture galleries we haunted—when there were any. The main note of life was a serious and earnest one on the intellectual side, with all these things for accompaniments. The enthusiasms of the mind were uppermost. What we lacked in knowledge we made up in reverence for all that stood for it. I remember well a Madame d'Héricourt who came here with the glamour of exile about her, and gave talks on everything pertaining to French literature and society, not forgetting politics and philosophy. Just why she was exiled I never knew, but I have recently run across her in some reminiscences of Madame Adam, who was the presiding genius of a noted political salon in Paris. She belonged, it seems, to a circle of philosophers and *littérateurs* to whom she was best known as the writer of a spirited reply to Proudhon and his revolutionary theories, but a caustic and bitter temper put her out of sympathy with her friends, who were among the noted thinkers of the time, and she vanished for some unknown reason to appear in this then remote corner of the world. She was old and poor, with a brilliant intellect and a fiery spirit which adversity had not tamed. Many of the subjects she discussed were serious ones, as her mind had a distinctly philosophical bent, yet her lectures were novel and full of spice. She had a great deal to say about the salons, and was familiar with the philosophical coterie that revolved about the Comtesse d'Agoult, the

brilliant friend of Liszt and the mother of Madame Wagner. But its free tone did not please her, and she had evidently been more or less embroiled with some of these clever men and women who did not relish her caustic strictures on their theories of life. Naturally her comments were amusing as well as instructive. Emily was greatly interested in her conversations, and exerted herself to find pupils and classes for her. Later, she had conversation mornings in her own house. I do not recall just when Mme. d'Héricourt left. The last time I saw her she stopped me in the street with tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks. "Je suis triste, je suis triste," she said, "et je suis si pauvre." And so she went out of our lives, after sowing seeds that bore fruit at a later period. I have often wondered what became of her. A brilliant, dominant spirit, she came to the surface of life for a few troubled years, found fate too strong for her, and with a cry of despair went down in darkness and silence.

V

IN THE spring of 1866, Emily went with a party of friends to New Orleans and Cuba, bringing back memories of many agreeable happenings. Soon after her return I left town for several months and the records of her life during that time are found only in a rather broken correspondence. She was much taken up with preparations for her approaching marriage, but she found time to write me of some of her doings and many of her interests. Mr. MacVeagh was seriously ill in the summer, and during his convalescence she writes:

"I have gotten hold of some new books which I have been reading to Frank since he has been able to listen. One is *Ecce Homo*, by an anonymous author. He is evidently an English Broad Churchman and a man of much power. I want you to read the book. The other is a series of charming lectures on the *Study of History*, by Professor Goldwin Smith of Oxford."

In a letter written from Ottawa a little later, she says:

"The first three days I was here I read Carlyle's *Stirling* and Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*. The former

is the most delightful biography I ever read, to my thinking, inimitable. Nevertheless, I am saturated with Carlyleisms. Carlyle has undoubtedly made valuable additions to our vocabulary, but not enough to compensate for the immoderate vulgarisms he makes use of. The latter book is pleasing enough, but Miss Edgeworth is undeniably of the early date of novel-writing. . . .

"I am enjoying Mrs. Henshaw all I can. She shines in new splendor every time I see her."

These are only brief extracts from letters which were full of her social doings and talk of her friends new and old. Perhaps their greatest charm lay in the unvarying love and sympathy that gave them warmth and life. Late in the summer she wrote me of her coming marriage:

"My sweet friend: I received your letter addressed to Ottawa last night and I shall answer at once while I have a moment of my own. I told you that I was to be married this fall and I have been so hurried since the day was decided upon that I have not been able to attend to much else than the necessary preparations which have to be made for such an event. I am to be married at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, October second, with reception from six to nine. I shall ask about one hundred and twenty-five to attend the ceremony—only my relatives and special friends, and some people to whom I am indebted. I am to have six bridesmaids. Carrie Caton will be

my first, then Louise Eames, Ella Hoes, Miss McCarthy—a niece of Frank's who is to be married herself the coming winter—Henrietta Butler, and my cousin, Carrie Cary of Milwaukee. Wayne MacVeagh, Sherburne Eaton, Ned Mason, Major Hopkins, Arthur Caton, and my brother Fred, who is to stand with Carrie Cary, will be the groomsmen. Mr. Hapgood, Norman Williams, and General Smith are to be the ushers. Judge and Mrs. Caton, Mattie Brown, Uncle Lester, and my father and mother comprise the bridal party. My bridesmaids are going to dress alternately in white silk and light blue satin, with veils and a lot of little French things that Carrie is going to introduce from Paris. My dress, as I have written you, is of heavy, corded white silk. There is an overdress of point lace, with veil and bertha to match. This point lace set, with a collar, sleeves, and handkerchief, is my bridal present from my mother. Uncle Lester has given me a silver service, Carrie Caton a pearl necklace, ear-rings, and pin. I have had a host of beautiful presents in silver and jewelry already given me, but I haven't time to write about them now.

“Frank has gone to New York and will be absent about two weeks. I have a cousin with me from New York, who will be here until after the wedding. I very much hope you will return by October first, but in your present condition of health I dare not urge it. . . .

"I am delighted to hear that you have found such an interesting study to divert you. Don't wear yourself out with all your cares, but remember you have a duty to yourself which is always as great as any you can owe to any one else whatever or whom-ever. . . .

"I never in all my life have had so much to do as now. I wish you would write me as often as you can without waiting for me. Write all about yourself, your thoughts and your dreams.

"General Smith has come and I must go. He has been nominated for State Treasurer. The election is to come off in November. We have had thousands of visitors here this week in consequence of President Johnson's visit.

"With great love,

"EMILY."

This letter found me in deep sorrow, watching the slow fading of a life and trying to soften the heart-breaking grief of those near and dear to me.

On October 2, 1866, Emily became the wife of Franklin MacVeagh. I was too ill to return for the wedding and it was several months before I saw her again.

As I look back upon this period now through the mists of years, it seems to mark the definite close of one phase of life and the opening of a new one. The old aspirations were not changed, the old enthusiasms were not dead, the old affection was not les-

sened, but the joyous irresponsibility of a youthful friendship is inevitably lost in the pressing duties of even the most care-free married life. Dreams must give place to realities. Life is centralized. The soul withdraws behind a subtle but impenetrable veil which is lifted for one alone—sometimes not lifted at all. It is only a shadow. One cannot define it, but it is there. It is the unconscious shadow that falls sooner or later between all human relations, to accent the intense loneliness of life. Perhaps it is no more than the extension of one's horizon towards regions which another cannot penetrate, but a new element has come in and the scenes are shifted.

VI

WITH Emily's marriage came new interests and new duties to absorb her time. But she brought to bear on her changed life all the tastes and pursuits of the past, which were by no means dropped, though they were turned into other channels. She inherited many of the strong business qualities of her father, who was a successful man of affairs. Whatever aims she had, she took a practical road to their realization. What to another might be an interesting fact or bit of knowledge, she appropriated at once as something that could be utilized. She worked towards tangible ends. Other things must often be sacrificed to win success on specific lines. This is in itself a distinct talent, or rather combination of talents. It is preëminently an American gift, if it may be called a gift. It lies at the root of great business successes among men, and implies executive ability, with a fine discrimination of values as related to special aims. Among women it is the talent *par excellence* of the social leader, as it brings into play a wide range of intelligence and character. It was to a social life that would combine the charm of gracious manners with the seriousness of a finer intelli-



*Edith MacLaughlin
at the age of five
in fancy dress costume*

gence that Emily turned her thoughts, and, whether consciously or unconsciously, the tastes and interests of her youth had all led in this direction.

I remember well the enthusiasm she brought into the arrangement of her first permanent home after her marriage. She used to say that one of the favorite amusements of her childhood had been the drawing of houses, and she always gave so much space to the nursery that there was no room left for anything else. She had outgrown this error of proportion, but she still loved to plan houses and was not at all content to pattern them after those about her. She must have artistic surroundings as well as comforts. It was one of her theories that people express themselves in the building and furnishing of their homes, just as they do in the making of books and pictures. And this was what she did.

It was just after the great fire of 1871. She had lost all her belongings, and her father had given her a new house of her own, on Michigan Avenue. The furnishing and settling of this house were a keen delight to her. Curiously enough the only book she had saved from the flames was Eastlake's *Household Art*, which she diligently studied. But she was not content with books. She went to New York, searched for new ideas, and gathered her materials with the aid and advice of some artist friends whose names have since reached world-wide fame. In her scheme of color, her decorations, her furnishings, she con-

sulted experts in design, and modified their plans according to her own taste. The result was a novelty at that time, when decorative art was usually crude and inartistic. I still have in my mind a vivid picture of her library with its deep dado of dark blue velvet, the black and gold Japanese paper above, which served as a background for a few choice engravings, and the broad frieze of robin's egg blue with designs in Cashmere color extending to the ceiling. In the drawing-room gold dolphins darted about in a sea of deeper Roman gold, and exquisite Persian rugs of sapphire tint covered the inlaid floor. Some well-chosen Turner water colors adorned the walls. The atmosphere of the rooms was cool and restful. It was a harmonious setting for those who liked to gather there, among whom were included many representatives of the finest culture of the time. Some had already won distinction, while others were struggling towards it. Among the well-known men and women who shared the gracious hospitality of the house then and later, were Matthew Arnold, the great Salvini, Ristori in the zenith of her fame, and Oscar Wilde in his palmy days when his brilliant conversation held spellbound the admiring groups that gathered about him, and nothing presaged his tragic fate.

But Chicago was still young, and the spirit of enterprise and money-getting overshadowed everything else. When cities are being built and vast schemes which make for material prosperity are in

the air, there is little time and possibly less disposition to wander in the flowery but unpaying paths that lead towards a finer culture. There was a limited circle, however, which kept alive the love of things of the intellect, and it was one of Emily's cherished aims to widen this. She formed classes among her friends, laid out plans of study, and roused social interests of a new sort. There were pleasant mornings when a group of women met in her pretty drawing-room for French conversation, each one being expected to tell a story or relate an experience, in a language that was far less familiar then than now. There were also studies in the history of different periods. All this has long since become a thing of the past or assumed broader proportions. At that time it was new and the members of the little coterie were full of the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Some have since entered larger fields of work, others have grown sad and silent under the touch of years and sorrow, many, also, have gone where we cannot follow them, though we may hope that they have found a fuller life in an unknown sphere. But living traces of these early enthusiasms were left behind, and rich fruit has grown out of them.

Among other things that Emily planned for herself at this period, was a scheme of reading that was to embrace the history of the world. Grote, Mommsen, Merivale, Rawlinson, Ranke, and a multitude of minor authors, were included. How far she succeeded

in carrying out this rather colossal undertaking I have now forgotten, but I well remember the energy she put into the beginning of a course that must extend into years. She was too social in her nature for a profound or persistent student, though she always religiously set apart certain hours for reading. She loved life too well, and she would hardly have claimed to be a serious or systematic thinker. But she liked to glean from all fields of knowledge, and took a keen pleasure in the acquisition of facts. Her real talent, however, was for inspiring others with her own enthusiasms. She wished to create an atmosphere in which all talents would grow and flourish. A definite gift was always a passport to her favor, and her generosity was extended to any one who was struggling under adverse conditions. It was to aspiring talent, rather than to sordid poverty and ignorance—though she was not unmindful of these—that her aid was given, and many a gifted worker under the blighting pressure of care for the wherewithal, has had reason to bless her for active sympathy and substantial encouragement.

VII

DURING these years Kate Newell Doggett was the centre and leading spirit of a circle devoted to the social and intellectual advancement of women. She was herself a woman of wide culture and broad interests, full of energy and enthusiasm to inspire others with her own aims, catholic in her sympathies, and a natural leader. Her intellectual tastes were varied and serious, including literature, philosophy, history, art, science, and an active interest in all the vital questions of the hour. She could hardly claim to have made a profound study of all these things, but she was well versed in many subjects. She specially excelled as a botanist. I recall a collection of pressed flowers that she had brought back from some of her journeyings, in which each one was arranged and labeled with the dainty touch of an artist who had made a life-long study of this craft. It was greatly admired and brought a substantial price at the Sanitary Fair near the close of the war. She also classified and arranged a valuable collection of plants that was given to the Academy of Sciences by Doctor Scammon—a work demanding not only great knowledge, but a deft hand. To accomplishments of this

sort, she added a distinct gift for languages. Many of her friends have occasion to remember the pleasant mornings at her house when a little circle met to study the great French, German, and Italian classics. There we read Racine, Molière, Corneille, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and other authors less known. In the evenings we had little plays, sometimes French, sometimes German, or Italian, or Spanish. The air was alive with zeal for mastering foreign languages and unlocking their sealed treasures.

Prominent in this small group of amateur actors was Ellen Martin, so widely known later in the philanthropic work of the city as Mrs. Charles Henrotin. I shall never forget the first time I saw her, as she came in one morning with her clever sister, fresh from a seven years' residence in foreign lands and the training of French schools. She was a vision of blue and white that summer day, with the care-free face of youth, graceful manners, and a sunny smile that held small prophecy of the serious interests and arduous labors of her mature years.

There were other evenings when we were asked to meet various celebrities or interesting people, and the conversation ran over a wide range of topics. There was gaiety also, and dancing or music served as a spice for the more serious side of the entertainment. Previous to this time, dancing had been the universal amusement and the main resource in all social affairs. Mrs. Doggett was not averse to dancing, and danced

herself with a good deal of the energy which she put into everything she did, but she realized that the true spirit of social life lies in the head, not in the feet, and that dancing is only one of many modes of expression. So, wherever it was possible, she struck a high note in conversation, and her dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm when she met a sympathetic response. It did not suffice that she loved high themes herself. She was eminently social and the thing nearest her heart in those days, I think, was to enlarge the scope of social life and put it on a finer basis. There were other women here of talent and accomplishments, but they were in a degree individual and apart, except as they found a sympathetic atmosphere in small circles without unity of aim or any special cohesive quality. In a few houses, one was sure to meet men and women of taste, exceptional intelligence, and often of distinction. There were charming evenings at the McCaggs', the Brainards', the Ogdens', with the best of talk, good music, and the refined simplicity that is growing rare today. The tone of these coteries was distinctly intellectual, but their influence was passive rather than active, as they dealt with present, not with possible or prospective results. I heard Mrs. Brainard, who was devoted to things of the intellect, say that she was on the alert for every form of talent, but was often disappointed to find that it was not always socially available. Still, all this counted in the great current

that led to wider diffusion of an interest in the best things.

But it was Mrs. Doggett who first concentrated the intellectual life of the women of Chicago and made it an active force on social lines; and we all know today what that means to the standards of culture. The dancing world was disposed to look askance at her innovations. The amusement lovers were glad to go to her house when asked, but they shook their heads at the advent of "blue-stockings parties," voted them dull, and declared them too miscellaneous when they included superior people whom they did not know. At this time, which was in the late 'sixties, she had the salon idea as developed more than two hundred years earlier by Madame de Rambouillet, who had gathered about her men and women of every form of talent and distinction, practically creating a new society on intellectual lines, which eclipsed the court and left lasting traces on the life of the time.

Among those who entered most actively into all these aims and amusements was Emily MacVeagh. She had quickly identified herself with the older woman's interests, and gave her substantial assistance. She was less emancipated in her opinions and less decided on the questions then beginning to be much discussed regarding the political status of women. Perhaps she was not of the stuff out of which reformers are made, and radical she certainly never was,

but she entered heart and soul into every scheme that was likely to add to the social and intellectual culture of her sex. But the situation had its difficulties. In a young civilization men are apt to look askance at movements that add little to the sum of available utilities. A man may go to hear a play given by his amateur friends in a foreign language, if it be sufficiently amusing and not too long, but it is too much to expect a modern man of affairs to give either mornings or evenings to the reading of the classics in any language. Mrs. Doggett was sufficiently of her time to see that the conditions of two hundred or two thousand years ago had ceased to exist and that old forms could not be repeated. We had no leisure class, men were largely absorbed in business or professions, and those who cared to meet on an intellectual ground were not too numerous. It was necessary to create a wider interest in the intellectual side of things, and this work was clearly to fall upon women if done at all, with the aid of a few men of special tastes and talent in that direction.

VIII

IT WAS under these conditions that *The Fortnightly* was organized. The plan of a society devoted to the social and literary interests of women was first broached at a luncheon given by Mrs. Doggett to twelve friends who were more or less in sympathy with her aims. Some were enthusiastic, some were timid, but a nucleus was formed and the idea became at once an assured fact. This was in the summer of 1873. Not long before, the Sorosis had been established in New York and the Woman's Club in Boston, but these were on slightly different lines. The Fortnightly was among the first of the societies that are numbered today by thousands, and are the most potent of the factors making for the larger influence of women.

Of this society, Emily was one of the founders and most active supporters, giving lavishly of her time and strength to make it what it is today, one of the most dignified and influential in the country. From time to time she served it in every official capacity, and she was a very efficient president for two terms. Her strong executive qualities gave her a voice in all its councils. She called to her aid the best

available talent, whether literary or executive, and never hesitated to be positive where its interests were concerned. If she differed at any time from others about these interests it was an honest difference, and she pursued the path which she thought the best with a persistence that rarely failed of attaining its end. For this she was ready to make many sacrifices and the results usually justified her. How deeply she had the permanent welfare of the Fortnightly at heart is clearly shown in her bequest of a trust fund of twenty-five hundred dollars, the income of which is to be spent for lectures before the society by eminent non-residents—this trust fund to be known as the “Emily Eames MacVeagh Lectureship.”

One has only to glance at the *personnelle* of the Fortnightly in its infancy to see that it was intended to be cosmopolitan. There were many kinds of talent which contributed to its success. Some of its founders were scholarly, some were literary, some were strong in administration, some in executive ability; others represented life mainly on its social and appreciative side. Though it was a literary society the qualifications for membership were not exclusively literary or scholarly. Mrs. Doggett had the insight to understand that this would limit its influence, as such a society would be likely to fail in variety and cohesive quality. Besides the material was lacking. Her tastes too, were æsthetic as well as serious, and she liked to foster the touch of grace given to life by due

attention to its forms and amenities, the "just enough and not too much" which adds beauty to the solid temple without weakening it. With the end she had in view, she showed great wisdom and avoided much antagonism, in trying to preserve a certain balance between the more studious element and a social element that must be intelligent and appreciative of the best things, though it might be neither actively literary nor profound.

I had left Chicago after my marriage six months earlier, and it was several years before I saw it again. But I remember well the vision of the far-reaching influence of such an association that came to me on reading Emily's letter containing the details of its organization, which found me among the historic hills of Bohemia—a vision which I am glad to say has been fully realized.

Among the most prominent of the founders was Ellen Mitchell, whose memory is tenderly cherished by all who knew her. She was a woman of wide intelligence, scholarly tastes, fine ideals, and a boundless energy born of the bracing air of the sea-girt and wind-swept island of Nantucket where her youth was spent, and where she sleeps today within the sound of the tossing waves. I have in my mind a very clear picture of Mrs. Mitchell's face as it appeared to me the first time I saw her at one of Emily's French mornings. The strongest impression left by its grave, firm outlines, was one of great intellectual and moral

earnestness, and this, I think, was the keynote to her character. The traditional New England conscience showed itself in an unswerving faithfulness and devotion to her convictions, and to her ideals, which were of the highest. She had a generous amplitude of mind and heart which found no place for pettiness or pretension. Tall and slender, with fair hair, blue eyes, simple, unaffected manners, and an attaching personality, she was the type of a Puritan woman softened and broadened by contact with the world, but always stamped with truth and sincerity. Her literary enthusiasms were strong, and she had the live touch of imagination which inclined her to idealize the gifted ones whom she loved and admired. She served the society ably in many capacities and was its third president. Whether she presided or wrote scholarly papers, counseled or worked in other ways, she was always an active force and her influence was distinct and permanent.

Mary H. Loomis, the second president, was a valuable executive officer, wise in council, calm, dignified, discriminating, conservative, and disposed always to keep within traditional feminine lines.

Emily MacVeagh added a keen appreciation of intellectual things, an untiring energy, fresh enthusiasms, a passionate love of life on its social and æsthetic side, and a magnetic personality, to a rare ability for working towards practical ends. There was a variety of talent and each one gave what she

could. One was ready of mind, fluent of speech, eager for all knowledge, with a warm heart that entered spontaneously into every good object whether literary or philanthropic. One was quiet, studious, always ready with her considered thought and devoted to fine ideals; one was fresh from years of study and foreign travel which were not then an everyday affair; one was amiable and conciliatory, with the enthusiasm of youth and a vision of many forms of culture; one united fine æsthetic ideals and a versatile intellect with a large love of humanity; one was graceful and radiant, with hopeful eyes, seeing much and wishing to know more. One who combined a love of the best literature with a generous activity in all good things, spoke well and wrote well, was president three terms, and held most of the important offices in the gift of the society, was Mary H. Wilmarth, who still lives to bless the world with her gracious and smiling presence.

Some loved books for their own sakes, others loved life with a seasoning of books. But grave or gay, social or scholarly, worldly or unworldly, all were animated with the same purpose. Together these women formed a strong and efficient body that worked long and well in the interest of the Fortnightly, which was very near to their hearts, and they deserve to be held in grateful remembrance.

It was Mrs. Doggett's pleasant mission to fuse these elements and get from each the best she had

to contribute. Forceful, intelligent, with a keen observation, acute sensibilities, a strong will, and rare versatility, she had a great deal of the Gallic social spirit and a distinct talent for leadership which brought into service all her other gifts. She was not beautiful, but she had a dominant personality. Her features were sharply outlined, her sable hair fell in curls at the side of her face, and her dark, penetrating eyes were more apt to flash with spirit, or intellectuality, than to melt with tenderness. A strong will was stamped on every line of her expressive face. But she was kind and generous, especially to struggling talent, and always ready to give both time and strength to the eager student who was handicapped in the battle of life.

In its first years the Fortnightly was practically devoted to enlarging the mental horizon as well as the knowledge of women, who were not, as a rule, so well equipped in the essentials of a university education as their sisters of today; though I may be accused of heresy when I say that whatever they may have lacked in exact training was largely offset by singleness of aim and seriousness of thought. There were fewer, too, who assumed to know and judge on a very slender basis. So long as learning was not in fashion there was little motive for affecting it. When it did become the fashion there was a strong temptation to pretend to a great deal that did not exist. Human nature has not greatly changed since Ovid

said that a few women of his own time were learned and a great many wished to be thought so. But genuine knowledge has always its modest reserves.

However, the society grew and flourished. In a letter of February, 1883, Emily writes of it:

"We are in new quarters. I was put upon the furnishing committee and had both building and furnishing to look after, pretty nearly by myself, as the rooms were built for us in the new Art Institute. There were three on the committee, but the other two were absent until the work was three-quarters done. We solicited money from the members. I wrote over a hundred letters myself, from twelve to fourteen pages long, explaining our scheme, and we raised in this way nearly thirteen hundred dollars in contributions ranging from five to a hundred dollars each. This has kept me very busy. The board appropriated one thousand dollars for furnishing, and you can imagine we have very pleasant rooms, though they are not yet completed. The membership is to be limited now."

The Art Institute referred to here was the building in use previous to the completion of the present one. It is now occupied by the Chicago Club.

In August, 1884, she writes from Maplewood, New Hampshire:

"I find it just about a month since your welcome letter was received. It came with the Democratic convention, and guests, and hosts of friends from



*Earnes MacVeagh
at the age of twelve*

everywhere. We enjoyed that week exceedingly. Directly afterwards we came East and after a few days at the Brunswick in New York we came here. I thought seriously of trying the Adirondacks after your letter, but Dr. Johnson thought that Frank had better on the whole come back here where he could have greater facilities for riding and driving. We have found some old friends and made some charming acquaintances, so are contented and satisfied. . . . The Bonapartes from Baltimore are here, and our friends, Colonel and Mrs. John Hay of Cleveland, and others from Philadelphia and Boston.

“I had letters forwarded from home last week containing letters of introduction brought by Professor Jebb of Oxford, who has been in Chicago. We were very sorry to miss him. He is said to be very entertaining and altogether interesting. I think his *Attic Orators* delightful.

“I am afraid you have left Lake Placid. When do you expect to be in Chicago again? as early as October 10th? I believe that is the date of the first Fortnightly meeting, but I am relying on my memory entirely. If you are there I hope you will talk a little about the Art of the Moors. I have promised to look after the art interests this year and I am looking to you for substantial aid on all the Art afternoons. Chicago is charming in October. It is so long since you have been there at that time that I fear you may forget that it is our best month.

“Did you know that the Decorative Art Society is to renew its monthly meetings? You will be needed there, too. I hope you are doing well this summer. Do you feel any better or stronger, and have you begun any half-hours of writing yet? I wish you were as strong as I am, yet I have not the strength I once had, though enough I am sure to more than satisfy you. I am reading several hours a day. I brought one trunk full of books and I hope to do some good work in this way before my return home.”

The Decorative Art Society was one of her special interests from the beginning. She was among its founders and active supporters, also one of its presidents, and she refers to it often in her letters then, and later, after it was merged in the Antiquarians with different aims. Its work was in the line of her tastes, which were always æsthetic. It contributed greatly to the growth of the art spirit in the details of life, also to the collection and preservation of rare and artistic things.

Her strongest impulse in this direction had come to her through the Centennial Exposition of 1876, which changed the artistic ideals of the entire country. It was an education and a revelation. Emily spent six weeks in Philadelphia making herself familiar with the mysteries of form and color as well as with the great works which had grown out of an artistic past. She talked with artists of world-wide fame and gathered materials for future use in the

building, furnishing, and decorating of her various houses. All this fostered the instinctive taste which always guided her modes of living.

IX

"Thy fate is the common fate of all.
Into each life some rain must fall."

THE great sorrow of Emily MacVeagh's life came to her in the spring of 1882, in the loss of her little daughter Edith, a child of rare qualities of character and of mature intellect, with judgment far beyond her eight years. It took the light from her home and, for a long time, the motive from her life. Coming like a thunderbolt out of a singularly clear sky, it left father and mother alike shrouded in darkness. Three other children had already been taken almost before they began to live. But this one had survived to twine herself about their hearts and become a vital part of their lives. Their cherished plans interested them no more, and the hopelessness of a great grief fell upon them like a black pall.

During the first stunned months society was out of the question and even reading was impossible. After a brief trip to California in the vain search for distractions which did not distract, Emily's characteristic courage and resolution came to her aid. She could not command her thoughts, but she could force

herself to mechanical work. In the absolute necessity of finding a vent for her energies and relief from incurable grief, she set herself to learn wood-carving. For months she gave her time to this new occupation, as many women take up sewing under like conditions, finding, possibly, in the unfinished thing of today a much-needed motive to live until tomorrow. Among other things that she carved was the table she gave to the Fortnightly, which has stood ever since on the platform in its rooms. This mode of occupying herself was dropped when her life became more or less adjusted to its altered conditions, but it had served its purpose in making possible these hours of voiceless pain.

It was only the day before Edith was taken ill that her mother came to me with a paper on Dante which she had written for the Fortnightly and which was read by a friend at the appointed time. It brought up many questions relating to the ecclesiastical spirit of the age. Religious matters troubled Emily little then, except as speculations. The next time she came, a few weeks later, it was on her way to a Lenten communion service, in a passionate seeking for the consolation religion might offer. She had found, as many do in seasons of crushing grief, that an impenetrable veil had fallen before that other life in which the sad problems of this are to be solved. What she thought she believed, seemed a shadow rather than a certainty. In vain she sought the re-

pose of an unclouded faith. It was not there and refused to come at her bidding. Her family were Presbyterians, but after her marriage she allied herself with the Episcopalians and went with her husband to St. James's Church. Its service was more in harmony with her tastes and her natural love for forms and ceremonials. These gave her a certain consolation, appealing as they do to the bruised heart, but I do not think she ever had an unquestioning belief in religious dogmas, and at this time she felt the foundations of hope slipping from her. The search for light was pathetic and prolonged, but if her reason was never wholly satisfied with any creed, her buoyant temperament came to her aid. What she could not know she hoped, and hope is often an illumination when faith wanders in a mist. How she settled these things in later years I am not sure, as the subject rarely came up between us after these days of sharp grief; but she was not introspective, and her outward glance was always towards the light.

A son, Eames, was still left to her, a delicate child who grew to a comparatively vigorous manhood and repaid the care and affection that were so lavishly given him, with an unfailing love and devotion to the mother who had centred all her hopes in him. But the four that were gone left a vacancy that could never be filled, and she was forced to occupy her saddened days with other interests.

X

FOR some time Emily had been considering plans for a new and larger house on the North Side, but these were dropped after Edith was gone. Neither father nor mother had the heart to design another home which could never be graced by this idolized daughter. It was one of the moments when the machinery of life seems to stop and nothing more is worth while. But, after all, the world moves on, and its duties as well as its burdens have to be taken up and carried to the end. There are others to be thought of.

In a few years these plans were again considered and the building and furnishing of the well-known house on Lake Shore Drive absorbed Emily's time and thought for a long period. The wound was always there, for something vital had gone out of her life, but the need of expressing herself was still strong, and she brought much of her old enthusiasm to the work. She discussed all the details with H. H. Richardson, the architect who designed the house, attending herself to the minutest points, entering into questions of cost with the grasp of an experienced man of affairs, often overseeing even the workmen,

that nothing might be slighted or go wrong. A letter of January, 1886, from Thomasville, Georgia, gives a glimpse of what she was doing and thinking about at intervals while the work was in progress:

“My dear friend: Your note came just as we were leaving for the South and as I only decided to come with Frank the day before we left, I was overcrowded with things to do, since the household matters had to be arranged for until we move into our new home. Doctor Ludlam takes possession of our present house January fifteenth, so I had to plan everything for Lina to carry out.

“I sent your books to the office addressed to you, but without a word of thanks, which please receive now as I am really indebted for their use and your kind information.

“Frank didn’t grow any better, was taking more cold constantly, and we suddenly decided to wait no longer. He is improving rapidly now, walking about town and sitting on the piazzas or in the woods without any top-coat, the thermometer standing at 74 degrees—entirely too warm for my comfort. We hope to be back in Chicago by February fifteenth. I shall not go to Europe till the late spring I think, so I am hoping now to hear your paper at the Fortnightly.

“Tell me all that occurs of any interest in any of our clubs or elsewhere before you leave. If you should be in Chicago the fourth Tuesday in January,



The Chicago Residence, 4999 Lake Shore Drive

please help Mrs. Dexter in the discussion on Dress at the Decorative Art meeting. I had promised to. I don't know when the special meeting of the Fortnightly is to be held. Nothing was to be decided till this week."

She carried the affairs of the various societies always on her mind. Now it was the course of study in the Fortnightly, which at this time was limited to the sixteenth century, now it was the election of Mrs. Jewett, the efficient president of the Decorative Art Society, or some important topic of discussion. Again it was the Browning class which met at Mrs. Mitchell's to read and discuss the poet, especially on his ethical side. It is not the subjects on which she dwells, but the best arrangements for presenting them, and the changes that make for the interests of the societies. She has all the details in hand and calls to her aid those who are best versed in the affairs of any special department. She speaks too, of the delays in her house, and touches upon various personal matters.

In 1887 she writes just after Christmas from the hotel, where she was awaiting the tardy completion of her own house:

"Your charming remembrance was my first Christmas greeting and I hasten to tell you how very greatly I appreciate your sweet thought of me. I feel sure many a kind wish was wrought into your exquisite handiwork. The St. Cecelia delights me. The face

teems with religion and poetry. How superbly your sister has translated it! Won't you give me her address that I may write and tell her how divinely it speaks to me? I have already a place for it in the library of our dear home if it is ever made ready for us. The time seems so hopelessly far off.

"I can't attempt to tell, except orally, of our delightful trip abroad. Athens was to us all the best of everything, though we were not there quite three weeks.

"But, of you—why are you such a bird of passage? Don't you consider Chicago your home any longer? Do establish yourself here and cease your flitting ways. The Fortnightly misses you. Do some of your serious thinking on this subject."

It was in the spring of 1888 that the finishing touches were put upon the new house and the family moved into it. For a long time Emily had been absorbed in the details of furnishing and in collecting rare and beautiful things from the ends of the earth. In this pleasant occupation she was quite at home and she never considered it ended. There was always something new to be placed, some corner to be filled. But there was no suggestion of a museum in the result. Everything fitted into its surroundings and made a part of the general harmony. The subtle atmosphere of a refined home lent a charm to the tasteful but never crowded rooms. Whether it was the carved screen window from an old mosque at Ahmed-

abad, with its quaint design and its exquisite tracery; the finely shaded rugs from Persian looms; the precious French tapestries; the beautiful Salviati glass in tints of ruby, smoke, and gold; the Romanesque pillars of African marble from the Nile quarries, which framed the tropical luxuriance of the tall palms beyond; the wonderful old ivory carvings from India and Japan; the altar decorations of rare and delicate Persian lace, or the interesting collection of jade and crystal—everything had its significance and its natural place. The centre of the family life was the spacious library with its well-filled shelves of books carefully chosen—but not for their bindings—and carefully read. The room was hung with French tapestries and *portières*, the large fireplace gave it a cosy air, and scattered about were Arabian, Pompeian, and Japanese lamps, old bronzes, Tanagra figurines, statuettes, and various other things of more than commercial value but never out of proportion with their setting.

In these artistic surroundings Emily expressed her dominant passion, her love of beautiful things consecrated by the sentiment and taste of an immemorial past. Her love of a refined and cultured social life also found expression here. Scholars of distinction, authors, artists, world-famed musicians, statesmen, and noted men of affairs met here the versatile and clever women of a gayer world, as well as those of special gifts and attainments in simpler garb. Among

the well-known people who gave distinction to these interesting rooms were Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, Prince Wolkonsky and Princess Schahovskoy of Russia, Doctor Lumholtz, the noted scientist and traveler, Coquelin, Henry Irving, Henry James, the De Reszkes, Alice Meynell, Harriet Hosmer, Emma Eames, Henry M. Stanley and his accomplished wife, John Morley, Mrs. Craigie, Ambassador and Mrs. James Bryce, and in turn, most of the foreign as well as native celebrities who came here with suitable introductions. Calvé sang and danced in the beautiful music-room, which was decorated after one of the rooms at Fontainebleau, and many guests have gone from the clever talk of the dinner table to listen for a brief hour to some famous artist who interpreted the subtle dreams of Chopin, the profound harmonies of Beethoven, or the complexities of some later master.

In August, 1889, Emily writes me from Interlaken, to Baden-Baden, where I was passing the summer:

"Well, well, so you are really here. Your welcome letter following us to three different places has just overtaken us. It is delightful to feel that you are so near, though we are not likely to meet unless in Paris. When did you come, by what ship, and when shall you return? Do write me all about it. I hope Baden-Baden will set you on your feet. I was in Aix-les-Bains for a week and over. Mrs. John Sher-

wood was there and so attentive that I was glad to get away and join Frank and Eames at Vevey, where they were *en route* to join me in Aix-les-Bains. Mrs. Sherwood, I mean, introduced me to so many and had me so much invited and entertained at dinners, receptions, picnics, etc., that I found myself wearing out under it all, as I had been half ill for a fortnight. I shall have a lot to tell you about my experience in Aix-les-Bains, when we meet, also of our visit in London, where we had a charming three weeks. My cousin, Sir Digby Murray, gave us a dinner, and Lord Coleridge, a luncheon. The Lincolns did several things—among them a delightful dinner party. We were at the Edmund Gosses' at a reception, also at the Alma Tademas', meeting many distinguished people at all these places, and enjoying it all very much. The theatres were interesting, too, and, in spite of all our gaiety, we had some delightful hours at the picture galleries and the great museums. I found some fine old things for the house, too, in England. We bought two beautiful pictures, one a coast scene in oil by J. M. W. Turner—wasn't that a find?

"I have no special news from home except Miss Whitehouse's engagement to Ned Sheldon. I suppose they are already married. . . . I am going to Paris early next week. My address there will be 20 Rue d'Urmont d'Urville, Champs Élysées. We found here on our arrival Mary Ogden Strong and her family.

I saw a good deal of them. She has gone to Paris. The Willings are here, and the Marshall Fields, and several other friends not from Chicago. I do hope we shall meet in Paris. Frank and Eames join in kind regards to you and Mr. Mason. They greatly regret missing you at Baden-Baden."

In the summer of 1890 she writes me from Maplewood, New Hampshire. I was still in Paris revising my papers on *The Women of the French Salons* for collection in a book. A part of her letter was devoted to my own work. As it was characteristic, I give it with the omission of a few personal paragraphs:

"My dear, dear friend: Your most welcome letter came just as we were leaving for the White Mountains, and I brought it along with your delightful article in the July *Century*. Your Salon articles have been most acceptable everywhere. They have made a great hit. The New York *Evening Post* said they had made Salon articles the fashion and that all the papers were clamoring for them—other Salon articles, I mean. I didn't see this notice myself, but both Frank and I heard of it and tried to get a copy to send you but failed. Shall you publish the articles in book form? I hope Doctor Charcot has put you entirely on your feet again.

"Mrs. Hamill, the present president of the Fortnightly, wished to write you about your articles, and said she would send you the society's subjects for

the coming year. She and Nina Lunt were both candidates for the presidency, and Nina was not elected, though she made a good running. Owing to my position, I could not enter actively into the campaign. The last year of my administration was many times more successful than the first. Many innovations were introduced in the way of outside essayists, speakers, readings, and receptions. Louis Dyer gave one of his illustrated Lowell lectures on Greece, showing views with a dark lantern. Mrs. Kendall spoke for an hour and a half most interestingly on the modern stage, actors and actresses. She had great success. We gave an afternoon reception to Miss Amelia B. Edwards, and Mrs. Erving Winslow of Boston (who had just had such a success in London with her Ibsen readings, having been introduced by Edmund Gosse, and having in her audience the distinguished Ibsen scholar, William Archer, also Mr. Gladstone and several other noted people), gave a course of four of Ibsen's plays before the Fortnightly. Our members having papers directly after the distinguished strangers, were Mrs. Boardman, Ellen Mitchell, and Nina Lunt. Each was on her mettle and gave us a brilliant paper that stood the comparison to the entire satisfaction of all and made everybody feel that the standard of our work is good. The year was to all but two or three very enjoyable.

"We took a cottage this summer here. We are leaving soon now to wind up our holidays with a

short visit to some friends at Bar Harbor—then after a few days in Boston, New York, Newport, and Bryn Mawr (at Wayne's country house), we shall go home. Let me hear your future plans whenever you can and I will try to be a better correspondent. Frank asks me to tell you that he has been very gratified at the evident impression your papers have made on the *Century* people themselves, as they have treated them with more marked consideration than any series of articles have received within his recollection. Frank thinks you have done in them valuable work. I know you would have enjoyed being here as they were coming out, but the interest will live and give you much pleasure when you do return. I hope you will be able to go on with some literary work. Have you any in hand?

"Mrs. Dexter and her family, and Grace Howe are in Europe, but will return in October. Mrs. Simpson's and Mrs. Rogers's death you have likely heard of. Judge Beckwith died last week. What a mournful ending I am making of my letter! Do write soon."

The year of the Columbian Exposition saw the realization of many of Emily's lifelong dreams. It was a year of unalloyed pleasure, though not without care. Her house was a centre for many distinguished guests from all parts of the world, and she moved among them with a smiling and gracious hospitality that none who saw her will forget. Her face was radiant with much of the old enthusiasm, and I have

a vivid picture in my mind of her brilliant coloring set off by the delicate tints of pink, or blue, or palest green, which she usually wore. Her manner was quiet, but sympathetic and cordial, and she had to an eminent degree that invaluable quality in a hostess, the self-forgetfulness which puts her guests in the foreground and calls out the best there is in them, instead of imposing her own personality.

Late in the season, she had the Princess Schahovskoy staying with her for a month. This Russian lady of fine ideals, great exaltation of spirit, and a certain simplicity of life and character that is more often found with old traditions than among new distinctions, was a maid of honor to the Empress and represented her at the World's Fair with marked ability. She was also an amateur sculptor and made a bust of Mr. MacVeagh while here. This pleasant friendship continued and resulted in several meetings at Paris and elsewhere.

XI

DURING all these years of Emily's social activities, Mr. MacVeagh had been untiring in his devotion to the interests of the city in which he had cast his lot. He was a successful man of affairs and his business had grown to large proportions, but he always found time to give both money and thought to the moral and intellectual upbuilding of the community in which he lived. In 1874 he founded the Citizen's Association. He was also president of the Municipal Art League, and started the crusade for ridding the city of its deadly pall of smoke. He has done much valuable work on the executive committee of the National Civic Federation which, growing out of the Chicago Civic Federation, was designed to federate public activities in various directions, philanthropic, educational, and reformatory. Among the trustees of the University of Chicago he held an honored place, and he was for many years one of the generous guarantors for the Thomas Orchestra. He was president of various clubs and a frequent contributor to the Chicago Literary Club, of which he was a prominent member and sometime president. As an after-dinner speaker he was especially happy.

Many of these speeches have been published, among them one made at a banquet of the Commercial Club on *The Responsibilities of Wealth*, and one on *Labor Unions*. He also wrote a carefully considered paper on *Father Marquette*, showing a lively interest in the early history of this country. Modern industrial questions had a vital significance for him and he gave much time and thought to composing the differences between capital and labor. He recognized the claims of justice, and his attitude towards the trades unions was a friendly and impartial one so long as they were managed on sane lines. In 1884 his convictions led him to cast his fortunes with the Independent political party, which included so many able and far-sighted men. But he was never a politician.

In 1894 he was nominated for the United States Senate on the Democratic ticket. As it was the unanimous voice of the convention this was regarded by some as equivalent to election. Always a loyal patriot as well as citizen, his firm principles, strong integrity, broad views, and long study of political and social questions, eminently fitted him to sit in the councils of the nation. He had carved his own fortunes and stood for all that is best in American life. Conservative by nature and education, unswerving in his fidelity to what he deemed the highest good of all, his active intellect never permitted him to lose sight of the vital issues of the hour. But he could not stoop to the arts of the demagogue with-

out which the best and strongest are likely to fail, especially if they combine with high ideals the culture and refinement that proclaim the gentleman the world over.

Mr. MacVeagh made a strong running but was not elected, to the great regret of the many who had vainly hoped that a popular government might mean the rule of those best fitted by knowledge, experience, and character, to judge of a country's needs. The result of the election was an unexpected landslide involving the party throughout the country. Perhaps no one could have stemmed the tide of political feeling that swept men into power and out of it, regardless of personal qualifications. In any case, the din of a political campaign with all its bitterness of attack and its false as well as humiliating criticism, could have had small charm for a man of Mr. MacVeagh's type. No doubt he would have been glad to serve his country in the Senate and he would have served it disinterestedly and well, but he was never tempted to become a candidate a second time.

This brief record of a busy and useful career shows how many interests were centred in the pleasant home on the Lake Shore Drive. In its numerous gatherings there was always a delightful blending of serious conversation on the vital topics of the time with the lighter persiflage of society. The duties of a citizen toward the world in which he lives were never forgotten amid the elegancies and amenities

of social life. The keynote was more likely to be struck by a distinguished author or artist, or statesman or educator, but there were clever men and women to follow the lead, and gaiety was not far away. It was never necessary to resort to cards to fill the hours. Indeed, the distinction of this house, which plumed itself on its regard for the amenities and did not forget the lighter diversions, was that it maintained a certain tone of intellectuality in all its amusements, though these were never dull or sombre.

XII

BUT the shadows began again to fall and failing health touched the springs of Emily's exceptionally vigorous life. Then, as always, she proved her indomitable courage. Brought many times to the verge of the unknown, which is so near to us although it seems so far, she rose from a bed of suffering to resume her old place, as oblivious of pain as if she had never felt a touch of it. Only the pallor of her face betrayed her sinking vitality.

In the meantime her still restless energies must have an outlet. One scheme always followed another. No sooner had she realized a cherished design than she was straightway absorbed in something else. When her city home was completed—though she never ceased to make changes and add to her artistic treasures—she began to plan a country house.

In July, 1895, she writes me from Dublin, New Hampshire:

“My dear friend: Really your going to Europe quite takes my breath away. Why didn't you go last year while we were there? I like to have my friends at home when I am. But what decided you so suddenly? Where are you going, for how long, and when shall you return? Do write me all your

plans and send me your permanent foreign address.

"We very much enjoyed all the exercises in connection with Eames's graduation at Harvard. We gave dinners for him and had dinners and other entertainments given for us in Boston that were delightful. But you don't care for such things, as you were born social and grave, rather than social and gay.

"I like Dublin exceedingly and expect to stay here until September first. Frank returns August first. It looks as though we should have a place here for a permanent summer home. We have already made an offer for a farm here and I am drawing house plans for it most of my leisure hours."

The farm was bought and the first designs grew into a fine mansion with extensive grounds and many acres of wooded land in the shadow of Mount Monadnock. From the broad verandah one looks down upon a beautiful lake and across the hills to the Green Mountains nearly as far as the distant Berkshires. It is an ideal spot for a summer home, cool, quiet, and secluded, with numerous other homes scattered about among the trees and hills within easy driving distance. But it was some years before these plans were fully realized.

The autumn of 1895 found me in Nice, where I had gone with the hope of reviving my husband's failing health. In November, Emily wrote me a long letter from which I will take a few characteristic passages.

"My dear friend: Your dear letter came to me in the midst of a surgical illness from which I am slowly getting up, not yet having had a dress on, only tea-gowns and jackets. I was taken with appendicitis July twentieth, but Doctor Billings and Doctor McArthur (a great surgeon) were able to reduce the fever so that the operation didn't have to be done then. But it was inevitable, and as every one in the family excepting Eames was ill, I persuaded these same physicians (after they had taken three days to consider it) to do this operation for me without Frank, Mother, Father, Fred, or Isabel, knowing it. Doctor Billings told Father and Frank that I must take his rest-cure (which meant complete isolation) in preparation for the operation. He and I then persuaded Frank to go to Dublin as he couldn't see me until the middle of September. . . .

"To make a long story short, we kept our secret from the family for three weeks and they all nearly collapsed when they heard it later. . . .

"A month ago we had a letter from Wayne, asking us to meet them in Cairo on December fifth, to go up the Nile and spend two months in Egypt, then to return to Rome for the rest of the winter and spring. As we shall not be able to do this I do not know whether they will give it up or not. Let me know when you expect to reach Rome and I will write them freshly about your stay there. . . . I am sure you will see more or less of them after I have written.





Amelia Gore Mason

You will remember that Maude Elliott has an apartment in the Palazzo Rusticucci. . . .

"Most of my old set of friends are back here. Mrs. Dexter returned this morning and will be here for a part of the winter. The Palmers will be here until February, when they may go to Russia.

"Prince Wolkonsky comes over to deliver the Lowell lectures in February and will deliver the same course here later. I am going to ask the Princess Schahovskoy to come and pay me a visit at the same time. Mrs. Adams spent seven weeks with her in Russia this summer and brings back the most delightful account of her friends and surroundings.

"The Fortnightly meetings and Thomas concerts are perhaps more charming than ever and the winter promises to be very delightful socially. . . . Do let me hear from you soon with all news of yourself."

But the demon of ill health still pursued her. It was visible between the lines of all her letters, though she had lost none of her interest in her pursuits or her friends. The shadows fell heavily about her for the next two or three years. The loss of her brother and her father, with the continuous illness of her mother, took much of the brightness from her life. Then came two more surgical operations of the most serious and critical nature. But her characteristic energy asserted itself. In the intervals of suffering, she occupied herself with plans for building and furnishing her country home.

In 1900 she made a tour of the world with her son and spent several weeks in India with her friend Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy, and well known in Chicago in her early years as Mary Leiter. On this journey she gathered many rare and beautiful things, some of which found a place in her home among the hills when it was completed soon after her return. She had the passion of the collector, but it was tempered always with the desire to share with those she loved the pleasure these things gave her. In bringing to her own doors a few of the well-chosen treasures of the centuries, she utilized the taste and observation of her life and found expression for her love of everything beautiful and artistic. It was not the glitter of gold that she sought, nor the garish splendor that so directly suggests its material source, but the values that spring from intellect and taste whose products are mellowed by time and consecrated by the subtle sentiment which the years have left behind.

I visited her at this home in the summer of 1903. Perhaps a few extracts from my letters at the time will give a better idea of the place and the life there than anything I could say now.

“Knollwood, Dublin, New Hampshire,
“July 16, 1903.

“ I had a lonesome ride yesterday but no trouble. The train was late, but Mr. MacVeagh was at the station to meet me and we drove out in his trap. It

is a beautiful drive of five miles and he had a spirited horse that flew over the road in the crisp, life-giving air.

"The house is large and rambling like an old manor house. It was cold, and there was a bright wood fire blazing in the spacious hall, also in the reading room, where Emily had a glass of sherry and a biscuit for me before going to my room. It was late and I had to dress for dinner, but I could not help glancing out of my east window at the semicircle of wooded hills and the garden of flowers below. There is a broad verandah with a semicircle extension opening into a vine-covered Italian pergola which leads to a pretty little summer house. My room would delight you. It is almost as large as both of ours thrown into one and has four windows, as it is open on three sides. The light summer furnishings are very dainty, and the well-appointed writing table suggests endless letters. No small detail is wanting to add to my comfort. The maid came up to help me unpack and brought some lovely pink roses for me to wear at dinner. We dined at nine as other guests were late.

"Yamei Kin, the interesting Chinese lady we met in Chicago last spring, is visiting Emily here. She is picturesque, as well as charming, in her beautiful Chinese costumes, with the inevitable roses worn low in her hair on each side. She is finely educated, gifted, speaks perfect English, and talks well. Her tastes are scientific, indeed she is a physician, but

her interests are various and cosmopolitan. After dinner we drew about a cheerful fire in the living-room and discussed the affairs of the world and the universe until nearly midnight.

"This morning I slept until nine o'clock, then rang the bell and a maid brought me a delicious cup of coffee, some scrambled eggs, toast and fruit—a canteloupe and fresh raspberries—with more beautiful roses. The ladies here have breakfast in their rooms. Emily rises at six as usual, interviews the servants and the gardener, and gives her orders for the day. Then she goes back to her room, and her breakfast, and her letters or books, or whatever she has to do. She is a perfect hostess and plans the day for her guests. They drive a great deal and there are invitations for every afternoon this week."

"July 17, 1903.

"You asked me to write all about everything. Well, that would be rather difficult to do unless I wrote all the time. But you will like to hear about the place since you could not come. There are four hundred acres, and five cottages hidden away somewhere among the trees, besides the main residence. The spacious front verandah looks out upon a broad terrace, a gem of a lake below, and a wide sweep of beautiful country as far as the Green Mountains. From the dining-room, which is hung with panels of Genoese cretonne in lovely designs, there is a fine view of Mount Monadnock, which dominates the countryside.

“The entrance hall and the space above the broad staircase are frescoed in black and white, with hunting scenes from English country life. Passing through a pretty room on the left you descend two or three steps into the living-room, which is of colossal proportions—seventy feet long, thirty-three feet wide, and eighteen feet high. It is hung with early French and Flemish tapestries, and decorated with exquisite embroideries, Japanese screens from one to eight centuries old, a lamp from Damascus, one from a Japanese temple, another from India, high French standards with candelabra of modern design, and many other rare and curious things from the other side of the world. There is old English furniture that might have graced a mediæval hall, and some of the lighter and more graceful designs of today. The walls are lined with books. At one end of the room there is a raised dais which serves for music, readings, or anything else in the way of entertainments. At the other end is a Roman doorway taken from an old Roman palace. The massive renaissance pillars of black carved wood twined with vines and leaves in gold relief, reach to the lofty ceiling and frame a large fireplace. A beautiful rug covers this part of the polished floor, and here is where we gather round the tea-table, and in the evening when a bright fire is blazing.

“Yesterday we took a long drive through the woods and went to a tea given by Miss U. of Boston.”

“July 18, 1903.

“After finishing my letter yesterday we drove round the lake and went to Mrs. F.’s reception. I met a great many Boston people there, among them Colonel T. W. Higginson, who is a delightful talker, serene and clear-sighted. The atmosphere of this house is literary without being academic. The daughter writes novels that are good, and plays the harp well.

“Doctor Carl Lumholtz, the Norwegian biologist, archæologist, and traveler, came last night. We met him in Chicago six years ago, you remember, at a large dinner at Mrs. MacVeagh’s. He has spent a great deal of time among the primitive tribes of Mexico and Australia, and made a name in the scientific world by bringing to light a great deal about them which had never been known. After dinner he told us about his life among these savages of the lowest order, sang some of their wild, weird songs, and showed us the steps of their strange, barbaric dances. Yamei Kin has taught Eames many of the Chinese dances, which seem to consist largely in graceful posturing, with a fan, and they went through these afterwards. Then we discussed civilization, the art of living, immortality, and the occult, until a late hour. Curiously enough Doctor Lumholtz, who belongs to many of the most learned societies of Europe and has lived in the centres of civilization, finds a certain fascination in absolute

barbarism. I wonder if we are destined to go back to it in some future age? Isn't it the logical result of the leveling process?"

"July 19, 1903.

"Emily gave a dinner last night for fourteen guests. The table was a dream of flowers, the cuisine perfect, and the talk delightful. I have never made a great account of money, you know, but it does give one a great many pleasant things, not the least of which is the charm of artistic surroundings. Emily has taken many ideas of social forms and fine artistic living from the English country-houses where she has visited. These she has adapted to our own simpler needs. Then she is sure to have clever people about her, so the conversation is worth while and never dull. She is not drowned in her accessories as so many rich people are. But the accessories are all there.

"I don't leave my room usually before eleven, so I am having a fine rest. I slip on a *négligé* and write my letters at the pretty little writing table, with a vase of roses in front of me to suggest the freshness and color of life. Then we drive and pay visits in the afternoon. The fine houses are far apart, scattered over the hills and along the lakes in the woods. Each is different from any other and they are so lost among the trees that you do not see them until they loom up just in front of you. Many of them are quite simple, but some of the grounds are very ex-

tensive. They seem to think nothing here of going ten miles to luncheon or dinner.

"The reception for me is to be on Tuesday and I am to read a paper. Think of me then."

"July 22, 1903.

"The maid kindled a bright fire in the fireplace when she brought my breakfast and it looks very cheerful. I am going to drive later and afterwards to a small literary affair at Mrs. O.'s, a discussion of some classic, I think—perhaps it is about a point in Faust. But I will scribble a few lines first to tell you about the reading.

"It poured all day and I thought no one would come as the distances are so great, but the spacious room was filled. Doctor Robert Collyer, who was to introduce me, failed to appear in the rain. He was here at luncheon on Monday and kept us all laughing for an hour with his amusing stories. He is as brilliant as ever and as sympathetic. When he went away he asked me what he should say. I told him the safest course was to say nothing at all, as it was really a great risk to say pleasant things that might not be lived up to—and of course he couldn't say anything unpleasant—so he would be saved any misgivings afterwards. Mr. MacVeagh introduced me in one of the humorous speeches in which he is so happy, and said many nice things. Emily added an appreciative word, which was encouraging, even if exaggerated as it was sure to be. But one never

quarrels with rose-tinted opinions of oneself, though when one is put on a pedestal there is always the fear of tumbling off. I was a little nervous, as you may imagine, with such men as Colonel Higginson, Doctor Lumholtz, and other critics, as listeners. However, I went through the ordeal, and if people didn't like the paper they pretended to so successfully that I could not see the difference, or even *feel* it. They seemed enthusiastic. The tea hour afterwards was very agreeable, and there were various cheerful bits of discussion on the points taken up. Altogether, I am quite satisfied with the appreciation.

"P. S. Doctor Collyer and his friends arrived bright and early this afternoon to hear the reading, only to find that it was 'the day after the ball.' He had mistaken the day, much to his apparent regret, and neglected to consult his card a second time. Memories are unsafe things to depend upon."

But all things have an end, pleasant visits included. Two years later I was there again. The party was larger and gayer, but I was sadder. In the interval I had lost my husband and been left alone. There are no intimate letters to record the life, but I recall it as full of interest and color. Among the guests were Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston, who was very much alive in many directions, and Mrs. Leggett, who had just come from her London house where she goes for the gay season and comes back

fresh from a rich and varied experience. Loving the world of forms and amenities, she has also a keen insight into the serious side of things, and the happy art of interspersing thoughtful asides of talk in the midst of the gayest scenes. Her knowledge of men and the world gave a special zest to these little asides, which ranged from the last book, or the characteristics of some well-known people, to sociology, or the philosophy of the occult, which interested her greatly. In the evenings Mr. Pumpelly, the noted archæologist, gave us some thrilling adventures in Central Asia, or the lights were lowered and a brilliant pianist rambled through the rich treasures of Chopin or Tschaikowsky or some other master of musical expression. Then a pretty young girl sang exquisite Irish songs and English ballads. There was infinite variety, but nothing trite or commonplace. Emily never forgot the children and planned a pony-show for them in which the six little sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacVeagh—grandsons of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh—rode to their great credit and delight. At the pretty Casino Mr. MacVeagh read an able paper on *Labor Problems*. So life was seen on every side and amusement was spiced with thought.

XIII

IN THE spring of 1906 Emily planned extensive additions to her house and after her arrangements were completed, sailed with Mr. MacVeagh for Europe. Her doings there were chronicled in two or three letters which give a better idea of what she called "the summer of her life," than anything I could say:

"Carlton Hotel, London, June 20, 1906.

"My dear friend: We have been here just five days and are already up to our necks in engagements. Frank and I had agreed not to let any of our friends know we were here for a week. I suppose, however, that our names must have been published in the Carlton list of arrivals, as we have seen or found cards and invitations from most of the people we know. Mr. and Mrs. Meynell called the day of our arrival, as did Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Stella. Mrs. Craigie came the next day and has already had several invitations sent to us, and taken me to see some famous historical houses.

"Among others, she took me to call on Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and we have just received cards for a function there tomorrow when Mr. [now

Sir] Owen Seaman, the editor of *Punch*, is to read a short paper, and there is to be music afterwards. The Duchess is called a beauty here. She is very distinguished and entirely a *grande dame*. She is a cordial and captivating hostess. Her face is of the frail and delicate type, with soft brown eyes and hair nearly black, which she wears after the manner of the women in Sir Peter Lely's portraits. She is always beautifully gowned, and always looks picturesque."

"June twenty-first. We dined at Mrs. Leggett's last night. The Ambassador and Mrs. Reid were there, the Marquis of Granby and Lady Granby, and several of the Montagues and Yorkes. There were two tables in adjoining dining-rooms and, altogether, forty guests. Mrs. Leggett presided over one table and her daughter, Alberta Montague, over the other, which was mostly composed of young people. Both Mrs. Leggett and Alberta have a genius for entertaining, so the dinner was unusually brilliant.

"Yesterday after writing you we went with Mr. Meynell to have tea with Mrs. Hunter, the friend of John Sargent, who has painted her several times, also three of her daughters and a son. These are considered perhaps his best portraits. They are large and decorative, and fill the wall space of two drawing-rooms which were, in fact, cut away to give them just the right setting. The portrait of Mr. Hunter, done by another artist, hangs in a dark corner.

Mrs. Hunter, Amazon-like, looks quite the remarkable woman she is supposed to be. She has much humor and a dashing manner. We had the jolliest of visits, full of gaiety and laughter, and we are very much pleased to have seen those marvelous portraits, which I hope to tell you more about some day."

"June twenty-sixth. We lunched at the Ambassador's yesterday and learned the awful news there of the murder of Stamford White. Many who were at the luncheon knew him and we all felt bowed to the earth. I believe there is no man whose life was so important to America from an artistic point of view as his. How terrible! How horrible! He is greatly mourned at our Embassy.

"Yesterday we attended our second garden party at Stafford House and met no end of Americans. The Duchess of Sutherland is as democratic as she is beautiful. We have been asked to her ball next week. Eames and I met her two years ago and were her guests three times that season. Social affairs in the London smart set are certainly very fascinating. The appointments are all full of splendor, the English women so delightful and the English men so fetching. We know now so many people in various sets that I wish we might be here from the middle of May until the middle of July for some years to come."

Emily had entertained Mrs. Craigie at her own house the previous winter and her first visit was at

her friend's country home. Her letter from there has a peculiar interest, as it recalls incidents of the last days of the gifted young author's life.

“SteePhill Castle, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

“July 9, 1906.

“My dear friend: Frank and I came here Saturday to spend the week end with dear Mrs. Craigie. She has been unceasingly kind to us since she found out that we were in London. She came directly to our sitting-room without announcement, fluttering in like a bird in clouds of muslin. In a minute she had us down on her tablet for a dozen or more attractive functions, and asked us to come to Steephill Castle for this date. The Castle belongs to Mrs. Craigie's father, Mr. Richards, a handsome, kindly gentleman of the old school. Some time I must tell you how finely Mr. and Mrs. Richards, without harming exterior or interior, have arranged quaint suites of rooms for their two daughters and two sons. The Castle is kept open the year round, the climate being always good, so that the children see much of each other here, and they are really devoted, each admiring the other for various gifts and differing personalities. Mrs. Craigie is the eldest, but not yet thirty-eight. She took us through the Castle today. It is very large and full of historic interest. Its foundation dates six hundred years back. It has a splendid hall and stairway—very high and fine. It has drawing-rooms, with-drawing rooms, family rooms

galore, and a large library—all with ceilings twenty-five feet high. Then there is a fine Anglican chapel with a rose window and wonderful carved seats and altar—the latter always dressed in lace altar covers—and an old silver altar service. Mrs. Craigie, being the only Roman Catholic in the family, does not worship here.

“The grounds surrounding the castle with vistas of garden, the long sweeping lawns, and the meadows beyond, the stately trees of centuries’ growth near by, and the high rugged moors shutting in the landscape—all go to my heart and soul. You would love the place, it is so full of beauty. Mrs. Craigie grows dearer and dearer. I wish you might know the romantic and almost dramatic life she has lived, and how really loved she is by various classes in London. The Princess of Wales adores her and gives her great privileges. She took me in London to call on several friends, not only to meet them but to show me the superb rooms in many of the great houses. We went to tea at the houses of other duchesses besides the Duchess of Marlborough. I can’t go on to name them, for I have been writing longer than I thought and now we are going for a last drive through another part of Ventnor, then to London. Tonight we leave for Scotland to spend a week with Mrs. Leiter, then back for a second dinner at Mrs. Leggett’s, where we are to meet more noted people, some of whom have entertained us charmingly. The next day Frank

sails for home. I will try to write again from Tulloch Castle, Mrs. Leiter's summer place. Lady Curzon has been so ill that I haven't seen her. Mrs. Craigie, her very intimate friend, has seen her once lately. She has been so low that 'Big Ben' was stopped. This has not occurred for a century, and never before except for royalty. But it was near and greatly disturbed her. However, she is much better again. Mrs. Leiter went to Scotland Saturday."

These plans were changed a little by the sad death of Lady Curzon, and the sudden, almost tragic close of Mrs. Craigie's promising career three weeks later. They had been intimate friends in life. In death they were not long separate. Following in such quick succession, these crushing events cast a heavy shadow over the season in London. Emily had planned going to the North Cape and to Iceland, but she changed her course and went instead to Paris, where she stayed the rest of the summer. In November she sent me a line from London just before sailing for home. After referring to her memorable visit so consecrated by sad memories, she said she was just going to see Mrs. Craigie's parents and sister at their town-house—one of the saddest of visits. Then she added a few words:

"I came last night, arriving in one of the most dreadful of fogs. I am sailing Saturday on the *Caronia* and after a few days in New York I shall be in Chicago.

“Socially I have had the summer of my life. I have seen a great many people of the old French society, something of the Bonapartists, attended luncheons and dinners galore, and hobnobbed in a way with the dear and charming Empress Eugénie, who was my neighbor at the Continental for three weeks. Here I have invitations for luncheons, dinners, theatres, etc., until we sail. I hope to see you soon. If possible write me at the Waldorf, New York.

“I am very tired though happy and jolly, but not at all well—in spite of my goings on.

“Lovingly,

“EMILY.”

XIV

THE tastes of both Mr. and Mrs. MacVeagh were cosmopolitan, though wherever they went they were always loyal to Chicago and devoted to its interests. But the world of 1907 had moved far from the world of 1866. Its ideals were not the same. Its modes of expression had changed. It worshiped at new shrines. People talked no longer of the literary gods of the earlier generation, or, if they mentioned them at all it was to call them old-fashioned and obsolete. Instead of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, people were reading problem novels which solved nothing, novels to prove something and twisted accordingly, or novels written for money alone and often without a trace of artistic value. These served to amuse the idle hours of the multitude who did not wish to think, and many of them were fit only to be cast aside and forgotten after their brief day was over. Among those with finer ideals and an artistic conscience, Henry James and Mr. Howells led the small procession, and Edith Wharton followed closely, but the delicate touch of an artist was apt to be lost in the flaring headlines that advertised the best seller. People had ceased to burn their incense before literary gods, and said their

prayers to commercial ones. Ruskin, whom we had adored in the earlier days, had become simply a brilliant but erratic dreamer with a special talent for word-coloring. Carlyle and Taine, with their wealth of thought and prophetic vision, were outgrown and tossed aside for the last compiler of facts. Ibsen had replaced Shakespeare in this strange new world, which left Tennyson and Goethe dust-covered and forgotten on the book-shelf, while it gazed with wondering eyes on the dazzling pyrotechnics of Bernard Shaw. It was the fashion to deal with economic questions which had to do with money, or sociological ones which held out vain hopes of some Utopia where there would be nothing to do but "eat, drink, and be merry." The spiritual issues of life seemed to be relegated to those who made a fad or a business even of these.

But knowledge was in the air, at least the vapor of it. Every one felt himself or herself perfectly competent to give a final opinion on any subject, from the creation of the world to its government and ultimate destiny. So many theories were floating about that they quite obscured the sun. Clubs had multiplied, and these kept up a lively interest in what was going on in the world of the intellect, especially among women, but they were drifting further and further towards the popular, the amusing—dwelling mainly on the superficial aspect of things.

Society had become an affair of elaborate func-

tions and fine clothes, of receptions, and luncheons, and formal dinners, and afternoon teas, with men largely eliminated. The quiet coteries where people talked of vital things in the spirit of those who love high converse for its own sake and for the light evolved, were cast into the shade. Individuality was crushed out in crowds.

As I have said before, it was in the social side of life that Emily MacVeagh was specially interested and where she made her influence most felt. She was distinctly of her age and responsive to its lightest touch, but eager to adapt old ideals to new conditions. She brought all her resources of knowledge and taste to unite various elements in a cosmopolitan society which would represent the best in thought and culture without falling into academic dullness. Not that an academic society is necessarily dull, but it is not often cosmopolitan, and the element of gaiety is likely to be left out. It was her aim to create an atmosphere of distinction and good breeding in which talent of whatever sort could find both expression and appreciation. But she loved the forms and amenities and fostered all the arts of refined living. The difficulty of fusing these various and often contradictory elements is apparent. People who really think to serious purpose do not take readily to a social life in which thought simply glides pleasantly over the surface of things, and the world of forms is apt to tire of conversation that dips into realities and

deals in solid coin. The fusing element lies in a sympathetic personality, and this Emily had to a large degree. The company in her house was a varied one within certain conventional limits. She welcomed talent and intellectual power, even in the rough, if the ability was large enough to strike a balance with the minor conventions. Every gift had her sympathy and every high aspiration her encouragement. This spontaneous sympathy was the keynote to her character and her social success. It led her far sometimes towards idealizing those who appealed to her heart and imagination. She had the charity which forgives or, at least, covers much in a brilliant personality.

I have spoken elsewhere of Mr. L., whose remarkable intellect and scholarly attainments had so profoundly influenced our early lives. While he lived, his hatred of sham and pretension, his insistence on essential values, his rare critical insight, his severe literary tastes that made no compromise with mediocrity, and his pronounced aversion to artificial life, were a constant offset to Emily's love of external forms. She appreciated his point of view, even though she could not always adapt her own pursuits to it. Her liking for things of the intellect was accentuated by frequent contact with a wonderfully clear-seeing mind and rare knowledge, but her love of æsthetic surroundings and elegant forms was only tempered, not lessened by it. Her social ideals were rather modified than controlled by an influence which

au fond was foreign to them. It did not prevent her from taking a large account of combinations, which is inevitable if society is to be considered as a fine art, as it is at a certain stage of development.

Mr. MacVeagh was in full sympathy with his wife's tastes, but he had also a distinct realization of the magnitude and significance of the questions so prominently before the modern world. For years these had been subjects of constant discussion with the master mind, which considered them from a philosopher's point of view in their relations to a changing past, as well as to an unknown future. Mr. L., like most thinkers who have not started out to prove a theory, was sanely conservative, with a mind open to truth in whatever direction it might lead him. As years went on he saw more and more clearly the drift of things and their logical outcome. He was familiar with the past conditions of the world and all of the great currents of thought which had influenced its destinies since the days of Plato and Aristotle, or further back from the time of the Hebrew law-givers. He was not constructive, possibly he was a little abstract in his reasoning, but he had always at his command the philosophical history of the ages, and it is no doubt true that human nature remains at bottom the same and moves in cycles, even if spirally upwards.

But Mr. MacVeagh was in the world of affairs in which practical issues were coming up at every turn

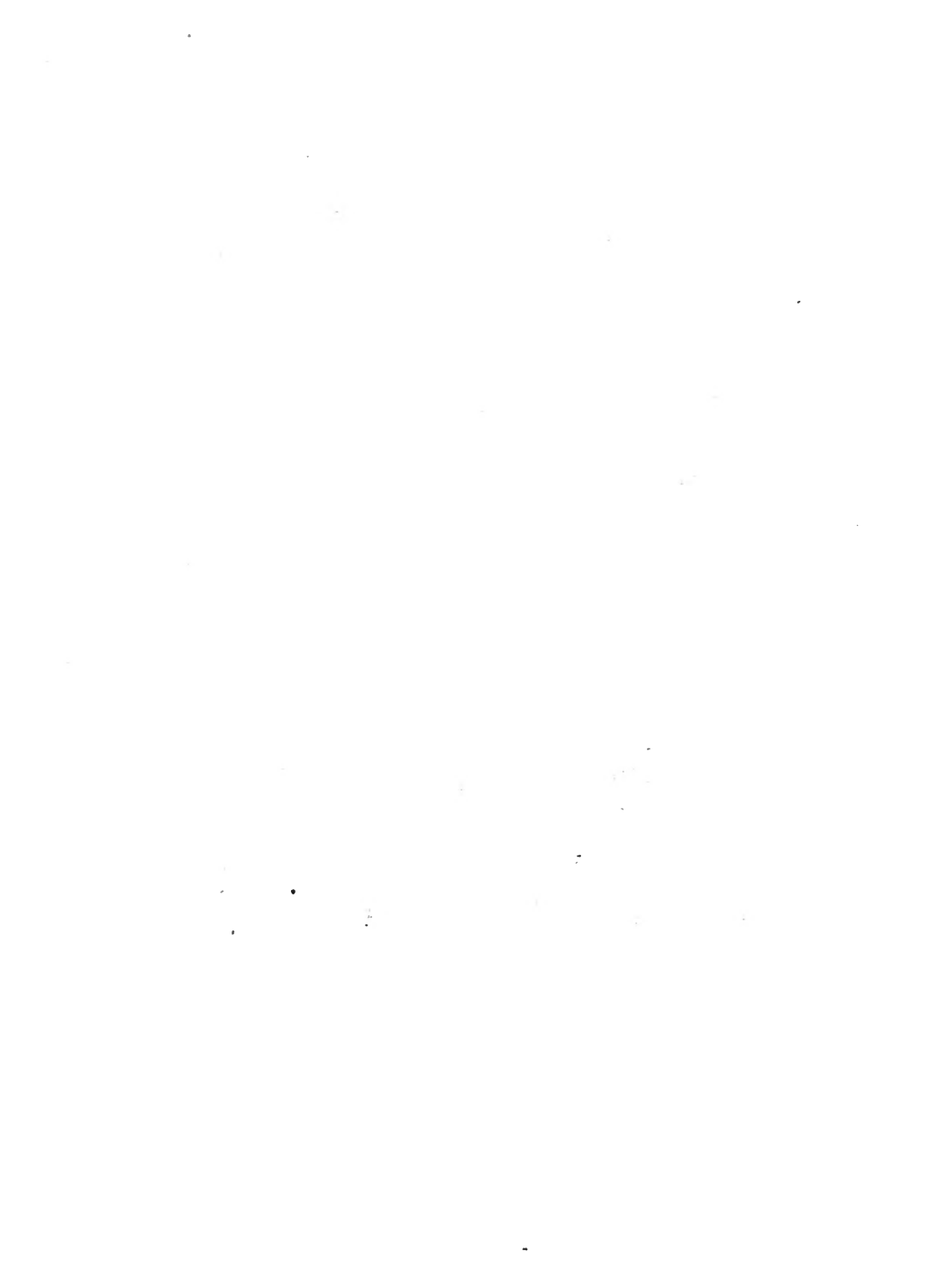
and he saw the need of compromises in the working order of things. This led him to study the application of modern theories to modern life, and to measure them by the light of past experience. He understood that the secret of influence lies in grasping altered conditions, in seizing and directing new forces, not in ignoring them. Though naturally disposed to be conciliatory, he was forced to take an independent attitude towards political questions and a fairly judicial one towards the trades unions in the inevitable conflicts between capital and labor which marked the late nineteenth century and the early days of the twentieth.

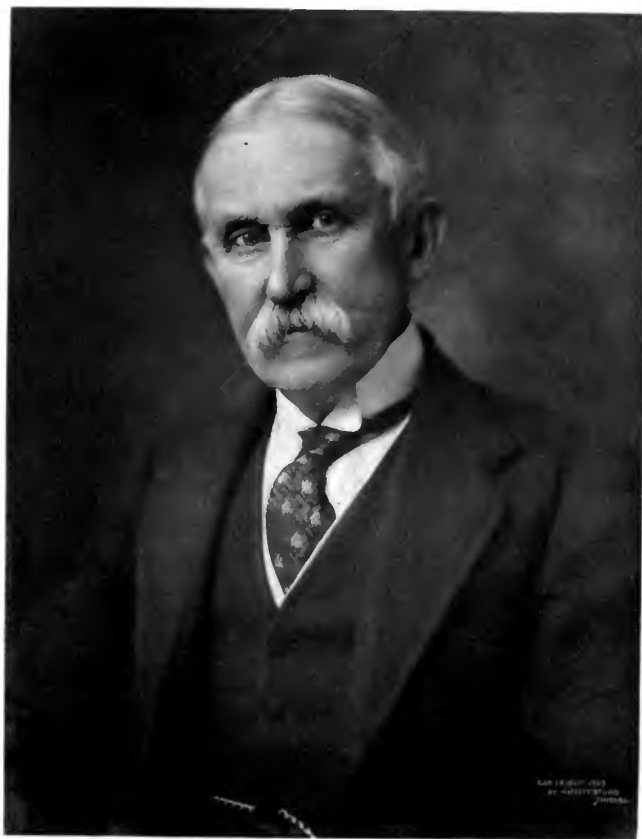
I have dwelt a little upon Mr. L., because his frequent presence in the MacVeagh family for so many years had largely influenced its habits of thought. But he had gone out of the world in 1889 and left a void in the lives of those who knew him well that no one else could fill. His memory was still fresh and green, and his influence was still a living one, but perhaps the ideals he represented had lost some of their force in the new age which held to variable standards and dazzling effects. An impressionable nature cannot escape the pressure of its time, and Emily, I think, had left many of the ideals of her earlier days behind her in the larger and more complex world in which she found herself. Her tastes were the same, but one must move with the current or be submerged. Her special domain, so far as the

outside world was concerned, was a social one, and she still believed, as we all must, that numbers are fatal to the genuine spirit of any society, above all an intellectual one, or, rather, a society spiced with things of the intellect. But the drift of the age was more and more towards miscellaneous gatherings united by no tie save the broad human one, and merging individualities in masses, or drawn together for some purpose quite foreign to a distinctly social one.

This tendency had a curious culmination in the winter of 1907, when Mrs. Potter Palmer was asked to open her stately and luxurious home for a meeting of the National Civic Federation with the trades union leaders. It was thought that a better understanding could be reached if the conflicting elements could be brought together on a semi-social ground. Mrs. Palmer combined a love of the gay world with a keen interest in the vital problems of the day. She had been the honored president of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, and had filled other responsible positions with marked ability. Her beauty, her social prestige, her gracious manners, her large hospitality, and her administrative talent, all fitted her to be a successful hostess on an occasion that called for infinite tact and penetrating knowledge of people.

On this eventful evening Mr. August Belmont, president of the Civic Federation, and Mr. Seth Low,





Franklin MacVough

one of its most efficient officers and supporters, were the chief speakers for the objects of the Federation. On the other side were some of the most active of the trades union leaders. A series of pictures thrown up by a camera furnished an object lesson and a text, showing the great progress that had been made in improving the conditions of the wage-earners. The invitations were limited to those actively interested in the questions discussed, or definitely related to them, and included a few of Mrs. Palmer's personal friends. Mr. MacVeagh was chairman and presided with his usual tact and discretion. He was interested in the legitimate aims of the unions and had often used his best efforts to compose the constantly recurring difference between capital and labor, in the spirit of strict justice. But he saw the dangerous drift of events and the need of a clearer understanding. It was doubtless a good thing for each side to know what the other was doing and thinking, but I was struck with the fact, which has been demonstrated from the beginning of the world, that the side on which the strongest passions are enlisted is quite sure to override the party of reason and precedent in a public discussion. There is a certain magnetism in the voice of stirring passions that is apt to sweep an unthinking crowd into the belief in any grievance either real or imaginary. Reason and justice are as helpless before it as a dove in a tropical storm. In spite of an effort to be courteous and con-

ciliatory on the part of the union speakers, the undercurrent of veiled menace and defiance was plainly visible, though these were not directly expressed.

I refer to this meeting because it showed so clearly the drift of things, and because it was in a line with the active public interests of Mr. MacVeagh, though I do not think it was suggested by him. Emily had little faith in the results of such a conference, but the peculiar blending of the social and political sides of life appealed to her curiosity, and she interested herself accordingly. It was a part of history in the making. How far the chasm between opposing factions can be bridged over by meetings on an artificial basis may be a matter of doubt, but at all events the experiment had a definite interest as a landmark in the records of the time.

Later in this same winter Emily had a serious fall which confined her to her bed for several weeks. It came at an unfortunate time, as she had cards out for a large dinner and reception given for Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, who were to spend some days at her house. With her characteristic courage and energy she refused to recall the invitations and directed the whole affair from her couch of suffering. The distinguished guests made their visit and everything was arranged for their pleasure and comfort. The daily little talks in her room helped to pass the hours. For the dinner she had an efficient aid in Mrs. Marshall Field, an old and intimate friend who,

with two or three others, received her guests. The evening passed without a jarring note, except that her own gracious presence was greatly missed. The Ambassador, with his profound insight into American life and his familiarity with the vital questions which interest us most, was himself an inspiration. I was struck with his modesty about expressing decisive opinions on great questions which our schoolboys and schoolgirls seem to consider themselves competent to decide without a moment's hesitation. In speaking of the intelligence of this country I expressed surprise and regret that it had developed no great poets or critics. "But you have your railroad presidents," he replied with easy tact.

This certainly was not final nor intended to be so, but it was suggestive.

In February of this year the MacVeaghs went to Washington. The interesting details of their visit are best given in Emily's own words.

"February 15, 1907.

"My dear friend: Our visit will be over in two or three days and but for a miserable coughing cold that I took in the sleeping car coming and that has grown worse until now when we are refusing all evening things—because they mean low gowns of course—our stay here would have been perfect, our friends having done so much for us. I am not sure that I told you several had telegraphed us invitations before we left home.

“Our first dinner was at Mrs. Hope Slater’s—herself, her company, her dinner and her house equally brilliant. Senator Foraker took me in to dinner and I sat the next woman to Mrs. Slater. Next day we went to Abby Eddy’s—everything very dainty and exquisite—charming company, including Josephine Houghteling Canfield, formerly of Chicago. She has lost none of her wit or wisdom, and it was delightful to see her again. Then we dined Friday at Mrs. Warder’s—professional dancing to amuse us afterwards. Saturday we attended the official dinner given by Attorney General and Mrs. Bonaparte (friends of ours for eighteen years) to the Chief Justice and other Justices—twenty-six in all—gracefulness pervading everything. Then Mrs. Leiter gave us a luncheon of thirty guests—music afterwards. Yesterday, Mrs. Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, other old friends; Sunday—at the William Slaters’—going afterwards to see the Johnston collection of pictures, celebrated as you know.

“The only thing I missed last week that I regretted was the reception to the Army and Navy at the White House, to which the President and Mrs. Roosevelt invited us. But Frank thought I was going into pneumonia and wouldn’t let me go or go himself. However, we are to take luncheon with them at the White House today, so I am still in luck. Tomorrow Mrs. Patterson has us, and Admiral and Mrs. Cowles on Sunday; the latter is a sister of the President’s,

and an old friend who showed us every attention when she was with her brother, the first secretary of legation in London while Mr. Bayard was ambassador there.

"This is a scrawl only to communicate with you. Nothing else is possible in such crowded days. I am seeing too many others to mention—my dear friend, Miss Scidmore, Mrs. Hosmer, Carrie Williams, Delia Field. I shall have so much to tell you out of this mere summary."

I had been asked to spend two or three weeks at Knollwood this summer of 1907, and on July seventeenth Emily wrote me, giving specific directions as to my route and adding the few lines that follow:

"On Saturday afternoons the Dublin Club gives entertainments. They used to have a fifteen-minute paper—this year the time is extended to thirty minutes. I am commissioned by the committee to ask if you will read your paper on Anatole France August thirtieth. The remainder of the afternoon is to be devoted to a reception to Joe Smith, who returns August second from a winter in Egypt and Italy."

It was Emily who, as chairman of the committee, had first suggested these entertainments, which gave an intellectual flavor to the social meetings of the club. Many interesting speakers and writers appeared there. Among them were Colonel T. W. Higginson; Mr. Basil King, the novelist; "Mark Twain"; Professor Richards of Harvard; Mr. Henderson, an

historical writer; Mr. Pumpelly, who talked of his explorations in Central Asia; Professor Schofield of Harvard, a brilliant scholar and student of comparative literature; Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, the artist, whose witty talks always insured a large audience; Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, who spoke on economic questions; Mr. MacVeagh, who discussed industrial problems; and many others, literary, artistic, scientific, and sociological. These affairs were a source of great pleasure to the summer colony, as they were varied and interesting. My little paper was duly read, at an earlier date than was first set, and pleasantly appreciated.

This summer Mrs. Neville, an old schoolmate of Emily's, visited her while I was there. I had known her in youth as Ella Hoes, and the meeting across a lifetime was a pleasant one. An extract from a letter which she wrote to Emily from New Haven may be of interest here.

"Wandering about the streets of the old city, with their familiar buildings looking just the same, even going into Grove Hall, having a look at the reception room where you entertained your frequent visitors—you were always the most popular of the girls—and at the dining-room which had shrunk and shriveled from my memory of it, and our old room—oh, how it brought back the past when you were so good to me. I felt that I must write and thank you.

"When I stood in our corner room I recalled your

struggle and perseverance in making me read your daily New York paper—and *The Princess*—do you remember? I wonder what I would have been had you not taken me in hand when so young—only fourteen! With such training I ought to have amounted to something and grieve that it has not been more.”

Shortly after I left, later in the season, came a letter which will speak for itself.

“August 29, 1907.

“My dear friend: There are too many things I wish to say for one letter, but, while the matter is fresh in my mind, shall I tell you about James Kidder’s luncheon which he gave to Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, Tuesday noon at the Somerset Club in Boston? Jim invited Boston’s smartest (including four girls) to the extent of twenty-six covers. People flocked in from their various country-seats in fine form and fine spirits and everything went off genially from the start. The table was laid with lilies of the valley and feathery ferns. It pleased the Prince. He said to me, ‘I love the lilies of the valley. I always *run* after them when they first appear in the spring.’ He speaks English easily, with little accent, and has a clear, good voice. He seems quite twenty-nine or thirty but is only twenty-three, and doesn’t look in the least like a Swede, having his mother’s brown hair. She is a German, you know. I saw more or less of her the winter we spent in Rome when Wayne was American Ambassador. She

was in the same hotel that we were. I saw her again for a moment in Anacapri in 1904, when we spent a day with her physician, Doctor Munthé. It was she who let Eames have bronzes cast from her special models when he spent the next winter with his uncle in Rome. But I didn't intend to run off to the Crown Princess, so I will run back to the son.

"Jim gave me the place of honor between the Prince and the new Swedish Minister, Baron de Lagercrantz, the Prince taking me into luncheon. Mrs. Jack Gardner sat on his left. . . .

"Everybody was presented to the Prince formally before luncheon—doing their little courtesies—but afterwards I introduced the girls informally and all enjoyed this very much. Some dozen of us went down with him, by invitation, later, on Colonel Hayden's yacht, to Governor and Mrs. Guild's garden party at Nahant, returning by motors. He dined that night at Providence—going by special train—and attended two more receptions that evening. He is distinctly of a good sort, does his own thinking and speaking. He touched no wine at luncheon, but he does smoke cigarettes rather often.

"I left off here five days ago. It is now after one o'clock, September third—my mother's wedding day, by the way—and the mail is just going, so I will send this and write backwards next time, there is so much else to say. Josie Dexter, Professor Lumholtz, and three men friends of Frank's come Thursday for over

Sunday. Tomorrow Mrs. Cheney is to be married to Professor Schofield and going with him to Germany. We all are full of regret at their going. Friday I am giving a luncheon to the Ambassador from Germany, Baron von Sternberg and his wife, as he does not feel well enough to go to dinners. I have seen a good deal of the Baroness lately.

"Now, tell me so very much more of your visit. Dublin is gay, too gay for me. Frank is riding or he would have sent messages."

A few weeks later Emily visited Mrs. Neville's daughter in Tuxedo. She was the wife of Mr. Mason, the principal heir to the large Smith estate. The letter explains itself:

"Kincraig, Tuxedo Park,

"September 23, 1907.

"My dear friend: I am just leaving this charming place, that came to the George Masons from their uncle, Mr. James Henry Smith, you know. It is delightfully situated above a deep ravine, with fine green trees on each side, and, below, a dark running river. The views from everywhere are fascinating—many high hills with beautiful slopes beyond. Lady Cooper (Mr. Smith's sister) says they are like Scotland—I say, then Scotland at its best, for it is far finer to me. The house is a gentleman's house with many rare things in it.

"I am ready a few minutes before breakfast. We go directly afterwards to the town house in New

York where I am going to tell the Masons something about the tapestries and furniture that I happen to know.

“You ask when I shall be in Chicago. I hope to be there the last week in October. The household will leave Dublin about the twelfth, but I shall stop in New York. The Eddys and Beveridges are due there tomorrow. They are coming on the same ship. Delia is awaiting Abby who goes off with her. Delia suggests motoring back to Dublin with Abby for a few days.”

XV

I AM not writing a "Life," or anything in the nature of one, only a few records of things that came under my personal observation, so I pass over many periods which were full of vivid, but less vital or significant interests. As the years go, one is tempted to linger over the sunny spots in the past. The sayings and doings of those we love take on a fresh interest as we glide faster and faster towards the shadows beyond which we cannot see. Happy those who can carry the sunshine to the extreme verge! It is the serious and the light, the sad and the gay, that I have to chronicle, but it is a life interlaced by a thousand tendrils with other lives, a private life it is true, but perhaps the more intensely human that its energies went into many channels, instead of following a single deep and powerful current.

In the spring of 1908 Emily had another long and severe illness, and early in the summer was glad to go to her pleasant country home for rest and quiet. She had more of her old friends about her than usual, as two of them had taken houses not far from her own. They were near enough for much familiar intercourse, but a dark cloud hung over this peaceful

life in the fatal illness of one of her oldest and dearest friends, Mrs. Augustus Eddy, who was spending a part of the summer with her sister, Mrs. Marshall Field.

Mrs. Eddy, who was the Abby referred to in some of her letters, had always counted for much in the gayer social life of Chicago, but fate had laid its pitiless finger upon her and she was slowly but surely fading out of the world. She was an attractive woman with great charm of manner and thoughtful consideration for her friends. She loved beautiful things, was passionately fond of flowers, and interested in the curiosities which Nature scatters with so lavish a hand in hidden and solitary places. Her taste was exquisite and was apparent in all the details of her home. She liked to design things to add to its attractions, and to the originality of her numerous entertainments. Music, too, she loved, and week after week when at home she could be seen sitting in shadow at the back of her box at the Thomas concerts, often alone, and always absorbed in the inspiring harmonies. "This is the best thing we have," she said, "the one thing I never tire of."

But this summer she had left all these things behind her forever, though perhaps not consciously, as her friends hoped that her life might be prolonged for some years. I was staying with Mrs. Field for a few days while she was there and was constantly struck with the brave spirit in which she met the

inevitable. Never a word of complaint, not even a reference to the suffering which we knew was ever present. Her days passed quietly, with long drives through the woods and along the borders of the lake, noting every point of beauty in the peaceful landscape, or dropping in for an occasional cup of tea with a friend, even appearing a few times at an informal dinner, looking so fresh and talking so pleasantly that it was impossible to believe that her days were numbered.

Socially, the summer in Dublin was a delightful one. There was leisure for conversation in the small coterie of clever and interesting men and women who gathered about the luncheon and dinner tables. Mrs. Field was a charming and gracious hostess, who always inspired her guests with something of her own buoyancy of spirit. She loved people and took keen delight in giving them pleasure. In spite of her own ill health, Emily kept up the hospitable traditions of Knollwood, which had been so long a centre for the social life of the countryside. I shall never forget the weeks I spent there that summer. She had a favorite horse which she drove herself and we passed the mornings in the woods seeking remote and obscure roads where the automobile had not yet intruded to disturb the solitudes. We talked of the past, the future, of life with its unsolvable problems, of the insufficiency and instability of all things, of people, of society, of early dreams, of disillusion,

of the numberless memories that crowd upon the thoughtful mind with a note of interrogation out of the distant perspective, of the lives that had been lived, of the hearts that had been broken, of the careers of meteoric brilliancy within our own ken, of the blank wall looming up at the end, beyond which only the spiritual vision can penetrate—all this and much more, while the leaves rustled overhead and the birds sang all about us, and no echo from the clashing world reached us.

Then there were friends perhaps at luncheon and other friends at dinner, when the talk ran along the line of current events, or touched upon the last new book, or lingered among the curious complexities of social life. If the discussion grew too serious Mr. MacVeagh lightened everything with a flash of humor, dissolving controversies in a ripple of laughter.

But one cannot linger forever among the pleasant oases of life. The last evening came. Mrs. Field and Mr. and Mrs. Eddy were there at dinner, which was a jolly affair and quite informal. Mrs. Eddy looked very charming in her beautiful gown of some gauzy texture, set off with a few rare jewels and the pearls which suited her so well. She said a great many clever things that night, but went away early. I never saw her again. The next morning I left. She faded slowly, rallying from time to time and giving hope, but her old home saw her no more. In the first days of the new year she passed out of the

sight of her friends into the light of the Beyond.

This was the first break in the little circle of Emily's intimate friends, and the sad close of a long and tender relation. These friendships do not repeat themselves in later life. A vacancy left in the ranks is never filled. The most persistent optimist cannot quite forget this. The only thing to be done is to hope for things we cannot see, trust in things we cannot know, and cherish tenderly those who are left to us.

XVI

IN THE spring of 1909 President Taft appointed Mr. MacVeagh Secretary of the Treasury. This call to one of the most important positions in the Cabinet was all the more gratifying that it came unsought. It was a sudden and unexpected realization of the early dreams which he had practically renounced when he was compelled by ill health to exchange his chosen profession, the law, for a business career. But he had never lost his interest in the problems of government, or ceased to be a student of economic and industrial conditions, so that he was well equipped for the position which came to him as a fitting crown to his life.

Emily was specially qualified by her wide knowledge of the world, her experience in social affairs, and her facility of adaptation, for the duties that fall upon the wife of a cabinet minister. But it involved leaving the beautiful home into which she had built so much of her life, with all its old associations, and installing herself in a new one. With her usual energy she began at once to look over the situation and make arrangements for a change of residence in the fall. The late spring months were spent in Washington and the summer was passed in Dublin, New



James MacVeagh

Hampshire, where both gathered strength for the arduous duties which even then were absorbing them.

The winter of 1910 saw them fairly launched on their new career. It was my privilege and pleasure to visit them soon after the first of the year and I cannot give a better idea of their life in Washington than by quoting from the letters written by me at the time.

“Washington, January 11, 1910.

“My dear N.: You will be glad to know that my journey was a very comfortable one, thanks to the kind friend who placed a drawing-room at my disposal. I rested and meditated in solitude at my ease. It gives one a curious sense of isolation, this rushing through the country to all intents and purposes alone. You almost wish something would happen—something pleasant of course—but nothing does.

“I reached here two hours late and found the carriage awaiting me at the station. It is quite a drive to the MacVeagh home, which is on the hill in a section that was almost uninhabited when I was here many years ago. The house is modeled after an old Venetian palace and is in the centre of a group of fine new residences, mostly occupied by foreign diplomats.

“I found Emily deep in her daily councils with her secretary, who is familiar with the endless shades and variations of Washington social life. This is an education in itself; it does not come by intuition. But

woe betide you if you do not know the subtle line which marks the difference between Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. No royal princess was ever half so tenacious of her right of precedence as the woman from the frontier who suddenly finds herself on some unfamiliar official pinnacle, and is intent upon living up to what she considers her position and making other people live down to theirs. If you make a mistake you may rouse a social cataclysm, or your husband's pet measure, if he has any, may be lost. Many are the pitfalls in the path of the wisest of officials. Many are the qualities needed and one of the greatest of these is tact, because all the others may be useless without it—and this includes the wife's tact. Happy the statesman to whom the gods have given a tactful wife!

"This new life appeals to Emily. She loves its variety and even its duties, which are far from light. You would be surprised at all she is able to do. Her energy is inexhaustible. She has fitted up her house in a distinctive fashion, as she knows so well how to do. The rare things she gathered for her Chicago home have a new setting, but they recall the old atmosphere. The rugs and tapestries are re-arranged, the curios disposed of in artistic contrasts. There are statuettes from Greece, old columns from Rome, with interesting little stories attached, carved ivories from the Orient, and crystals of rare perfection in which to read your fate. She had a new one last fall, so there

are seven, some of them quite large and of great value. All these relics of a far past give the rooms an air of refinement which no upholsterer's art, however luxurious, can ever furnish.

"But later I will say more. This is only to tell you that I am safely here in the loveliest of homes, with the loveliest of hostesses, and that I love you always."

"January 12, 1910.

"My dear N.: Today I have had my introduction to one phase of Washington life. It is the weekly reception day of the cabinet ladies and I assisted Emily, together with Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. John M. Clark, Mrs. James B. Waller and one or two others. To be a public servant in a democratic country is no sinecure. All the world is privileged to intrude upon your privacy. People you have never seen or heard of, come alone and in groups to see your house, your *bric-à-brac*, your gowns, and your friends. This is the penalty of political honors. But there are invisible barriers and these days are, on the whole, agreeable as well as interesting.

"There were two or three hundred visitors here today, many charming people of course, and some who came purely out of curiosity to see what they could of a life that is new to them. They were from distant island possessions, from remote frontiers, from the centres of civilization, all dressed in some modification of the latest fashion, mostly intelligent, often college-bred and widely traveled. Many of

them were wives of the men who largely control the destinies of this country, others were visitors eager to see and know everything. Two dusky Hawaiians were examining the Japanese carvings with the discrimination of *connoisseurs*, and praising the taste of the hostess.

"It was a cosmopolitan company and this is the charm of the life here, though it has its reverse side. Possibly it is not sufficiently homogeneous. You are always skimming the surface of things. The interests are too diverse except in limited coteries, and I fancy these are outside of official life, which must of necessity be essentially democratic.

"But everything is rose-colored to me. There is infinite interest in the diversity. It will be a pleasant experience to talk over when I get home. Salient points come out more vividly in perspective."

"January 14, 1910.

"My dear N.: Last night the MacVeaghs gave a dinner in honor of the President and Mrs. Taft. That it was a brilliant affair, it is needless to say. There were twenty-six guests. The table was a dream of flowers—Killarney roses and sweet peas—with delicate appointments of daintily wrought silver and gold, rare porcelain, and historic glass. The company was a notable one and the shimmer of soft color in the dress of pretty women added to the glamour of subtle distinction that hung over it. Among the guests were Baron Hengelmuller, the Austrian Am-

bassador, and his accomplished wife, a woman of fine presence, agreeable personality, and the sort of available intelligence that long contact with the great world always gives; the French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand, the first a scholar and eminent man of letters, as well as a distinguished diplomat, the latter a woman of great refinement, delicate tastes, and the simplicity of one to the manner born; the Japanese Ambassador and his wife, the Baroness Uchida, a dainty, elegant woman, slender and graceful, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, with a clear, flexible intellect and perfect command of English—an ideal wife for a diplomat. She is young, but has had two years' experience in diplomatic life at Vienna, besides a previous term in China, and this has not spoiled her natural simplicity and her unconscious *naïveté*. The Greek minister, who took me out to dinner, is a charming man of the world, with the soul of a Greek and the spirit of a Parisian. The mingled romance and cleverness of Southern Europe were represented in the Portuguese Minister, who has the ready wit and the sentiment of his race. It is this blending of cultured nationalities which gives so distinctive a tone to Washington society.

“Then there was Mrs. Potter Palmer, with her beautiful pale face, graceful figure, gracious manners, and faultless setting, the embodiment of American efficiency and American spirit, softened and refined by old-world culture; Robert Lincoln, reflecting the

glories of his martyred father; Mrs. Dexter, with her air of breezy worldliness and fresh enthusiasm; Mrs. Norman Williams, Emily's cousin, who has emerged from a life of invalidism, and blossomed into a stately, white-haired woman with much of the delicate, classic loveliness of her youth. There were others, too, men and women of clever intellects and agreeable manners, with traditions behind them and some, at least, with careers before them—people representing various sides of this wonderful American life. I was specially interested in Mrs. Norton and her clever young husband, the assistant secretary of the treasury. She is the very agreeable grand-daughter of William Loyd Garrison, and her father who recently died was for many years the able editor of the *Nation* and one of the few really critical thinkers of the country. The President has a genial face with a perennial smile, and simple, cordial manners. Mrs. Taft is unable to go out, so her sister, Mrs. Anderson, a gracious, silver-haired lady, represented her. I have heard a great deal about the dullness of official dinners, but there was not a dull moment last night. The conversation was varied, often brilliant, and always interesting.

“This morning I went with Mr. and Mrs. Waller and Eames to hear the President's message in reply to Pinchot read in the House of Representatives. You would be amazed at the rudeness of this supposedly dignified body. Many deliberately turned

their backs and buried themselves in their morning papers. Others sat about in groups chatting audibly. Few listened at all and everybody seemed ready to yawn. We were told that it was needless to listen, as they all knew just how they were going to vote, whatever might be said. Then why read a message which no one listens to? It seems quite superfluous. As we could not hear a word in the confusion and buzz of voices, we left in despair and went into the supreme court room where the venerable judges, in the added dignity of voluminous gowns, were listening to a plea of Senator Foraker in some celebrated case. There is a great deal in an imposing costume. It appeals to the imagination. I am sure we shall get back in time to powdered wigs and scarlet gowns. They are far more impressive than a simple black suit, and to be impressive is a long way towards being convincing. Half the dignity and power of the Roman Senator lay in the ample drapery of the toga. Going back to barbarism, is it? Well, I am beginning to think that reason takes us further in that direction than imagination, because the greater part of the world never reasons at all and is only swept on by the emotions which cling to symbols. But, to return, the Justices listened with attention, which is more than the ungowned representatives of a free people did. Whatever wisdom and insight it may have, evidently our Congress is not a school for good manners. Perhaps it has a code for itself.

"We lunched at the New Willard and talked things over. In the afternoon Mrs. Waller drove with Mrs. Patterson, and I went out with Emily to pay a few visits. At the White House Mrs. Anderson was receiving for her sister, Mrs. Taft. Among those we met there was Miss Mabel Boardman, who was introduced as "the only lady in Washington, really doing anything." She devotes herself to the Red Cross Society, you know, of which she is president. I heard her make a strong plea for it in Chicago. She speaks directly and to the point, winning favor by her agreeable personality and charming manners.

"We met an interesting group at the British Embassy. The main business of life here during the season, at least for women, is to go and see people, so you are sure to meet the same ones over and over again. Mrs. Bryce is a woman of great simplicity and refinement. I met her in Chicago, together with her distinguished husband, who knows us as a nation a great deal better than we know ourselves. It needs a perspective to judge things or people correctly. Then he has rare knowledge and insight which give him a sort of sixth sense that is not common even among historians. I wonder if he would say the same things of us today that he did twenty years ago! The scenes have shifted and everything is changing. Who knows where a new path is going to lead? Doing as they like is not turning people into saints. I am afraid it is much more likely to make

sinner of them. Of course that is heresy. But we did not discuss such grave questions. Society, you know, smiles upon the art of saying nothing gracefully.

"In the evening we sat in the lovely drawing-room and chatted more seriously of people and things. There is a great deal to talk about here if one is alive, and Emily is always alive. You see history in the making and wonder how it will present itself a hundred years hence."

"Washington, January 15, 1910.

"My dear N.: This morning I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hitchcock, the postmaster general, a comparatively young man and a bachelor, who is very much talked of and, I should say, little known. He has a strong, serious face, and is a man of few words who evidently thinks a great deal more than he talks. Indeed, he is a veritable sphynx in his way, though direct and far-seeing, as well as prompt and decisive in action. Such men interest you, as you are always in doubt as to what is behind that reserved exterior, and piqued because you cannot find out. I wonder how men in public life dare talk at all, they are so misjudged and misquoted. I was never more struck with the wisdom of Talleyrand's saying that 'language was made to conceal thought.' But it is necessary to know how to use it for that purpose. It is better to say nothing than too much.

"The conversation this morning, however, ran on

safe and interesting lines of more or less personal flavor. The man in public service must have two lives, one his own, the other the world's. Of these, the first is the more sincere—unless one is theatrically inclined—hence the more interesting. But, in time, the two get inextricably mixed and the world rarely discriminates between them. All this is *à propos* of the postmaster general with his hidden potentialities, which only the future will reveal. He has two or three requisites of a party leader and I don't know how many more. At least he is elusive, and he makes extraordinarily safe replies to whatever opinion you venture to express.

“Later the Wallers left for Chicago, much to my regret, as they are agreeable and sympathetic people. In the afternoon I went with Emily to three receptions. Of course you never get much below the surface of any one or any thing, but what is society except the contact of agreeable surfaces? Where it is the main business of life there is no time for anything else. As a pageant, or diversion, it is charming. It is needless to repeat that I am having a ‘delicious’ time. Isn't that the right adjective for it?”

“Washington, January 18, 1910.

“My dear N.: The days are astonishingly alike, with a thousand shades and variations. That is precisely what life is here, at least socially—a matter of shades and variations. Nothing tremendous happens,

but the difference between Mrs. A's dinner and Mrs. B's is vital. With the same elegance of appointments, the same perfection of service, the shading lies in the composition of the guests. There are brilliant possibilities here for a genuine society that is much more than an assemblage of people. Only the divining spirit is needed. But in a commercial society there are difficulties.

"We called on Sunday to see a lady who is just starting for Egypt. Change of scene is required. The young ladies are inexpressibly bored at the prospect. They have seen it all before. But the little attaching social threads are to be broken off, perhaps some growing interest nipped in the bud for the sake of looking at the familiar sphynx, or climbing the pyramids, or sailing up the Nile, always in a crowd of people who are expected in some way to bring a new sensation into life. This generation is always moving horizontally—it cannot stay long enough anywhere to go up, or to go down, in search of anything worth while. One gets so tired of the eternally obvious—that is, I do. If other people did they would stay at home with their thoughts once in a while.

"Pardon this moralizing vein and let me tell you about an interesting house with enough rare and curious things in it to stock a museum. We drove there from the M's. There were a few people chatting over the tea-table, but we soon left them and went into a beautiful little chapel with an old Spanish altar—

the pictures and carvings taken from Spanish churches, the work of mediæval and renaissance artists. Overhead was a genuine Andrea del Sarto. The soft light stealing through the tinted glass cast a tender glow over the old religious paintings, creating an atmosphere which tempts one to kneel in reverence as before something unseen and mystical. The chapel has not been consecrated, perhaps through some vague feeling that the spirit of curiosity or frivolity so often met there might not quite accord with the reverent spirit of prayer which the altar suggests. After all, there is not much connection between prayer and intellectual or artistic analysis.

“I wish I could describe to you the effect of this bit of mediæval life set down in the midst of such intense modernism. There are pictures of various eras and countries, rare tapestries, exquisitely carved ivories, curiosities of the Orient, relics of classic times, artistic glories of the Renaissance, a thousand beautiful things from every clime—all crowded into a space too narrow for an effective setting. One’s thoughts are confused by the variety.

“All this appeals to Emily who, you know, has the keen instinct of the collector and has brought so many things from every country to add to the beauty of her own home. But she never crowds them, and each bit of exquisite carving or color stands out in stronger relief for its ampler space and setting. This also gives a finer sense of harmony and repose.

"Yesterday there was to be a reception at the Swedish Minister's, but it was deferred on account of the sudden death of one of the diplomats. In the evening there was a brilliant affair at the Hays-Hammonds' of South African fame, then a reception at Miss Boardman's for the governors, senators, and other officials interested in the conservation of resources. It was an important occasion, far-reaching in its scope, but it poured so that we decided to stay at home and pass a quiet evening by ourselves. A little pause in the rush is refreshing. But there really is no pause. You are always talking about the next affair—or the last one. It is all very delightful—fresh glimpses of life, new perspectives, with really serious, vital things in the horizon and the outside of many charming people—pardon that over-worked adjective which means about as much as 'nice,' and is so conveniently neutral."

"Washington, January 19, 1910.

"My dear N.: Last night we went to the judicial reception at the White House. It was a brilliant pageant—beautiful women, beautiful gowns, white-haired men who have lived, young men whose lives are just beginning—a moving mass of light and color in a historic setting. I stood in the Blue Room, which was set apart for the presidential party, the cabinet and their guests, the diplomatic corps, and the judges. Emily of course was in the receiving line, and was resplendent in white velvet and jewels. I looked on

and chatted with those I knew, as the people filed past for two long hours. I could not help thinking of the noted men and women who have come and gone through these rooms—statesmen and politicians, patriots and schemers, women beautiful and gracious, women sordid and worldly—all passed from the scene, some looking down from the frames on the walls, others sunk into oblivion. But one hardly thinks in such a scene; things come to one in flashes and pass. You are diverted by a new face, or the inscrutable eyes of some one whose word may control thousands of human destinies. After all, the lights, the music, the trappings, are uppermost. These cast a glamour over the tremendous seriousness of the life that underlies them. One does not enjoy a thing the less because one has glimpses of vast perspectives behind it.

“It is a pleasure to see Secretary MacVeagh, with his keen, thoughtful face and cordial smile, moving about in an atmosphere so congenial to him. The life here suits him, and the work as well. He has grown years younger in spite of the strain of his responsible position. The only fear I have is that he will wear out before his time, as he gives himself no rest. He is a man of fine ideals, you know, and so conscientious in the pursuit of them that he forgets there are human limitations in the pursuit of anything. The world is full of delicate problems today, for a man in official life who is struggling with cor-

rupt forces, and trying to infuse into politics a spirit of integrity which is clearly foreign to it.

"I was tired and slept this morning, but this afternoon was given to Emily's reception, and the rooms were crowded—many interesting people and many unusual ones shining with reflected light. After the throng had passed, a little group gathered about the tea-table and chatted pleasantly. A clever young diplomat from southern Europe made the astonishing assertion that we 'have no poetry because we have no love.' I took issue with him. Compare our great English poets with those of any southern country where love is a thing that flames up and goes out! But the southern races do not understand a love that is fed from spiritual sources and lasts. When the love which they call an inspiration goes out, their poets *à la* Petrarch make it a thing of the imagination and burn poetic incense to an ideal. Our great poetry is not always inspired by love. In the romantic South there seems to be nothing else worth writing about. And what a travesty it often is! But, after all, it is true that poetry does not thrive in our age and climate. For the same reasons, perhaps, love is no longer supreme. The imagination that creates the one, gives life to the other. This atmosphere is certainly fatal to sentiment which demands more repose.

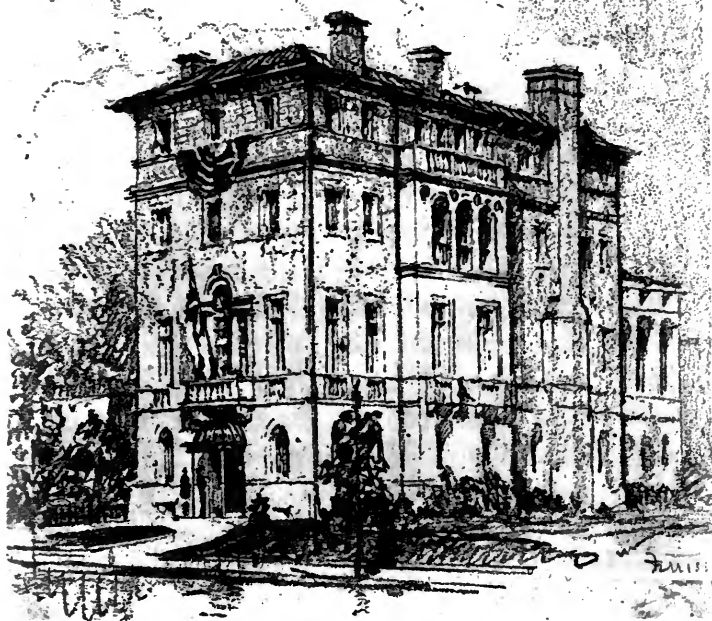
"But the spirit is not dead. If you think so go and see St. Gaudens's monument to Mrs. Adams in the Rock Creek Cemetery. It is marvelous. Infinite

grief in eternal silence. I went alone on a sombre day when the majestic figure stood out in gray relief against its bare and wintry setting. The weird fascination of the impenetrable face held me spellbound and I turned back again and again, unable to tear myself away from this unsolved riddle with its mystery of love and death."

"Washington, January 28, 1910.

"My dear N.: I have been doing all sorts of pleasant things since writing you last. They were of the same order, with shades of difference. The most considerable affair as to numbers was the reception for the senators. Imagine three thousand people crowded into rooms that might reasonably hold one thousand, and you have the result. Brilliant, of course, but so much has to be left to the imagination when you cannot move. Mrs. Taft has shown admirable tact this year in arranging the White House Receptions so that people are not packed like sardines. But democracy complains that it is democracy no more when five, ten, twenty thousand people—the number to be indefinitely extended—cannot occupy the same space at the same time. What slaves we are to a catchword that tries to reverse the laws of nature.

"The MacVeaghs went to New York a few days ago, for a series of banquets that would have cast into the shade the feasts of Lucullus. Talk about republican simplicity! Roman luxury pales in comparison.



The Washington Residence
2829 Sixteenth Street

“While they were gone I paid a few visits on my own account. Among other pleasant things I took luncheon with Mrs. Pullman at the Arlington, where she is staying. In spite of her illness she looks as fresh and young as ever.

“Last night the MacVeaghs gave a dinner to Cardinal Gibbons, which was a brilliant affair. The Cardinal is a typical Roman ecclesiastic of the best order—gracious, cultured, winning, tactful, keenly observing, and powerful through the concentration of all his gifts, complex as they are, on a single end. In appearance he is a small man who gives the impression of a large one. His clear, penetrating eye seems to read the secrets of your soul. You instinctively feel that he was born to influence men and movements through his gentle persuasiveness. The chancellor, his secretary, who came with him, is simpler and less of the world, but inspired by the same devotion to a great purpose. I talked with him a good deal, as we found Roman friends in common, and I was much interested in his attitude towards modern innovations. It is curious to touch the point of view of people who seem so remote from the new life, yet consider themselves at the centre of things. It is astonishing, too—the extent to which they make themselves the centre of things, while we others move our centre of gravity so often that we forget we have any, and I am not sure we have. Everything is on a sliding scale, and now we have a prag-

matic philosophy to suit—the philosophy of sliding scales, which is a convenient theory, as it gives a certain dignity to our changing ideals. Truth? Ah! that is another matter.

“But, to return to the dinner. Among the guests was Mrs. Jack Gardner of Boston—a small, fair, delicate woman with penetrating blue eyes and a subtle smile that can be winning when she chooses. With a flexible intellect, keen observation, and the American genius for adapting means to ends, she combines the taste of a connoisseur, the passion of a collector, and the indefatigable zeal of the enthusiast. I find her interesting and curiously elusive.

“Then there was the Postmaster General with his impenetrable face and air of reserved force; the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer, the latter with a distinct air of high breeding—a bit cold, perhaps, and dignified as befits her position; Professor Schofield of Harvard who, you will remember, gave the International course of lectures at Berlin two or three years ago, and his wife, who was the fascinating Mrs. Cheney of Boston. She has a lovely country house near Dublin, where I first met her. As he is young, brilliant, and handsome, the marriage seems an ideal one. They are always interesting guests. Then there was Judge William J. Calhoun, the new Minister to China, with his clever wife who is so well known in Chicago.

“But I need not extend the list, which included

statesmen, prelates, scholars, diplomats, women of fashion and women of intellect, with a sprinkling of literature to season the talk that ranged from the gossip of the hour to the highest themes, from sparkling repartee to the most serious problems.

“The people were diverse and interesting, but socially everything lies in the blending and proportion. Here it is the talent of the hostess which counts, and here Emily shows herself an accomplished woman of the world. In a country where the social strata divide themselves more and more into lateral sections with money on top, and intrinsic culture—there is a great deal of veneering, you know—buried in some forgotten stratum below, the mission of the hostess is to blend various types so as to prevent conversation from becoming a lost art. The material is here but it has to be fitted and it is her delight to do this. Besides, this is not a commercial city. That is why it is so fascinating.”

“Washington, January 31, 1910.

“My dear N.: Yesterday I went to a luncheon at Miss Scidmore’s. You remember her—the woman who has written so well of India, Japan, China, and the Orient generally. Her house speaks to one, in every nook and corner, of the mysterious East. Relics of Oriental art give a distinctive character to the rooms, which are quite simple. The Japanese Ambassador and his charming wife added to the illusion. The company was small but interesting.

Among others was Frank Millet, the artist. Every one had some definite purpose in life which gave a tone of earnestness to the conversation that was not too serious. Miss Scidmore is herself a woman of keen vision and broad interests—forceful, sincere, buoyant, and quite apart from the rushing crowd, though more or less in it. One cannot absorb the spirit of the Orient without bringing a new note into conversation, but she had evidently studied it in modern fashion from the point of view of the observer rather than as an interpreter of its mysteries.

“After a pleasant chat, enlivened by some curious anecdotes naïvely told by the Baroness Uchida, we took leave and drove to see the lovely Mrs. Beveridge. She retains all the high-bred charm of Catherine Eddy, with the added dignity of the young matron. I don’t wonder that Senator Beveridge fell in love with her. He ought to keep her always on a pedestal and offer her the rarest incense.

“Another call on a would-be *grande dame* who has the pose and the luxurious setting without the quality, ended a day that was full of interest. People are like old and new wines. It often takes a *connoisseur* to detect the finest flavor.”

But my letters grew personal or ceased, and my visit, like all pleasant things, drew to an end. On the last Sunday afternoon I recall an agreeable and reminiscent talk with Horace White, long-time editor of the New York *Evening Post* when the great talent

of the country was to be found in its pages, but now retired from active life and devoting himself to a memoir of Senator Trumbull. This takes him through a stormy period and he is here to consult the records in the magnificently-housed Congressional Library. I remember him as a small, dark-eyed, wiry man of the keenest observation and a marvelous talent for making talents available—a gift in itself, the gift of success. His comments on the political situation were concise and to the point. I think he enjoys browsing in more quiet fields. Senator Beveridge came in later with his buoyant enthusiasm and magnetic personality, striking a distinctly modern note. I wondered how his political ambitions would fare between the Insurgents whom he represents and the Conservatives with whom he cannot quite afford to break. But he looks the world confidently in the face, firm in his convictions that he is in the right.

There was a word here and a word there, straws that pointed the way the political wind was blowing. Others, too, drifted in from the world of fashion, with the latest gossip, a fresh *bon mot*, and a suggestion of the “tyranny of clothes.” Emily enjoys holding the threads of various interests, and creating an “atmosphere” she likes in the life about her.

But after all it is life that we want, and society largely reflects that which exists at the moment. It is an eternal compromise between the ideals that we cherish and the realities among which we live.

XVII

I HAVE already spoken of Emily's passion for designing and furnishing houses. It was a way she had of expressing herself. In her new position her vivid imagination saw great possibilities of realizing her dream of a modern salon. But first she would have a suitable setting. While she felt the need of a house better adapted to the social duties of her husband's official life, she was unwilling to add to his cares, so the land was bought and the palatial mansion begun and completed under her direction before he knew it was even planned. He saw it rise before him as the supposed possession of another. It was a colossal undertaking and Emily's health was uncertain, but her energy never flagged. Her past experience had given her a mastery of details that enabled her, alone and unaided save by architect and builder, to follow every step of the work on its business as well as its artistic side.

This house was the centre of Emily's social activities during the next two or three years, which marked the culmination of her crowded and efficient life. I have a vivid remembrance of the brilliant groups gathered there on my last visit in the spring of 1911.

They included diplomats of world-wide fame, senators and representatives who stood for the best in American political life, cabinet ministers with notable records, men of science, men and women of letters, artists, and many from the gay world of forms and amenities who cast a light glamour of fashion over a serious and cosmopolitan society.

Among the noted guests often met here was the British Ambassador, Mr. (now Lord) Bryce, whose clear vision has penetrated to the heart of democratic institutions and thrown a vivid light on the great problems that are shaking the world today. A frequent visitor, too, was the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, keen and alert, scholar as well as diplomat, who touched upon literary and political questions with a Frenchman's ready wit. There were many others whom I have not the space to name. Men who denounced each other in no mild terms on the floor of the Senate, conversed amicably at this liberal dinner table. A witty lawyer exchanged spicy *badinage* with a brilliant journalist. The conservative joined hands with the radical. The Republican statesman looked askance at the Democratic politician and measured wits with him. Women talked or tempered the talk, as the case might be, and brilliancy was not wanting. Literature was touched lightly in passing. The Moderns sent the Victorians to preside over Sunday-schools in the provinces, and the Victorians congratulated the Moderns on having

Sunday-schools as a preparatory discipline when their jaded senses turned heavenward. All this and much more they might have said. It was in the air.

The setting was brilliant. The atmosphere was fragrant with the art of the ages. At intervals the rich, soft tones of a fine organ sounded through the rooms, while a distant echo from a second organ far above floated down the spacious stairways and hushed for a moment the hum of voices.

These gatherings included a wide range of taste and talent. They had much of the quality of a literary salon on democratic lines.

In the spring of 1912 Emily went to Europe for a much needed change of scene, and for rest from her absorbing duties. In a letter from Paris dated June seventh, she writes:

"My dear friend: Franklin wrote you I came away an invalid after nearly five weeks in my bedroom, that only a week before sailing we had a passage on the *Titanic*, and that when she met her tragic fate we came on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. . . . I needed the change and to get away from political excitement, as I was in the midst of it. I may return with Eames in August; if not then, in October. It depends upon how my strength revives. I have done exactly what I needed here, come into new scenes, which I am enjoying a great deal. Everybody it seems is offering to entertain us. We have been at all the functions—dinners, luncheons, receptions, at

the American Ambassador's, two charming musicales and a dinner at Miss Delia Gurnee's, whom you will remember and who is extremely *grande dame* here; also by invitation to Grand Opera; and to the Russian Dancers, equal in popularity to the Opera; to the Théâtre Français, etc. I stay in by day to go out at night, but it is so different when you have no responsibility yourself, no head work. . . .

"I lunched the other day with Mrs. Beach and Frances Keep, and drove later to Malmaison, that now has a well-kept garden of the flowers Josephine loved so much. Napoleon's poor, short, narrow little iron bed has just been brought here. I forget—you don't like these people. Neither do I very much, but they both lived tragedy—poor things!

"I dined quietly with Mrs. Potter Palmer the other night. She is looking younger and more beautiful than ever. I shall be at the Ritz Hotel, London, my address for June and July. Possibly later we may go to visit the Andrew Carnegies at Skibo Castle in Scotland."

This period she often spoke of as "*the* summer of her life." She had already been presented at court during the reign of King Edward VII. This year she had another presentation at the court of King George V, of which she sent a long and interesting account, dwelling upon the simple personalities of the King and Queen. She was also invited to the State Ball, where she was given a place of honor.

In a letter dated July eleventh, she writes:

"My dear friend: I was delighted to get your letter of the eighth and more than delighted that you are well enough to go about so much. It was very pleasant to hear of Adelaide's wedding, and that it passed off so charmingly. I am very happy to know that you are writing a paper for the Fortnightly, as I am sure you must feel much stronger to do this.

"As for myself I think you are quite right in saying that I have not been resting, but simply having a change. It has all been very delightful, but very tiring, and I am still looking forward to the future for rest. . . .

"The notices you sent about the Presentation are funny. I sat in the Throne Room both at the Presentation and at the State Ball. . . .

"Eames has had a great fling in London society. Single men seem to be in demand everywhere. He came to London a few days ahead of me to attend the Hundred Year Ball. I must tell you how beautiful it was some day. Last Sunday he went up the river with a large party, it being Henley Sunday on the Thames. It was a hot day, so he and others of the men got off the boat twice to swim. The second time, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he collapsed, caught in an eddy that knocked out his breath. He had barely time to call once feebly, but it was known to be a dangerous place and the rescuers are always

at hand. They went out in small boats and saved him. I have hardly rallied from it yet, for they didn't bring him home till after midnight.

"Write when you can. I expect to be in Dublin by the fourth or fifth of August. We are going to the garden party of the King and Queen at Windsor, July nineteenth; to a dinner to meet the Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck—the Queen's brother—and to a ball afterwards at the Reids' on the fifteenth."

In December of the same year she writes from Washington:

"Our last official two months are on—beginning fiercely. Mrs. Taft will do everything socially she has done before. There never has been such beautiful entertaining at the White House and it will be a long day before any one can take her place there as a hostess, or his as a host. I love them both dearly. . . .

"We are both of us looking forward with great enthusiasm to the last of our work. If my heart doesn't fail me I shall try hard in the spring to get back some of my strength and return to the lovely, peaceful life of the quiet citizen."

In January, 1913, she writes:

"I have greatly enjoyed your illustrated copy of *The Tempest*, and think the plates lovely; the re-edited text I shall have to leave to a less distracted time. The other night during one of those long night

watches which unfortunately come rather often to me, I read *Billy*, and think it a perfect classic. After Frank finishes it I have promised to lend it to Mrs. Taft, who is very anxious to see it. She has a pet canary that she adores.

"These last days of our term are so very full. Every one seems to want to do something and invitations come piling in three and four for each evening. It is very difficult to get out of things without confessing you are a wreck. . . .

"Mrs. Grover Cleveland dined here Friday night, as did her *fiancé*, Professor Preston. I have met him several times and had a long talk with him. I liked him very much, and since it is going to make her happy to marry him I have nothing to say; but I do wish she could have returned here where she is so adored and where she would have had a position similar to Dolly Madison's, although a very different kind of woman. She seems but little older than when she was here in the White House—is very pretty, very charming. I sat but one from her at the dinner the President gave her Saturday evening. As the different plates came in and the silver that she hadn't seen since she left the White House with Mr. Cleveland, she told us some very funny stories about them. She also told us which plates were new in her days, which in the Harrisons'. Afterwards Madame Cuyp sang, and if you have the chance, you should go to hear her. She has the second-best contralto in

Europe, so beautiful that when the Queen of Holland heard her she would not allow her own parents—though they were well-born and well-off—to bear the expense of her musical education, but did it herself. Her training and voice are perfect, and after the *furore* created by her concert in New York, the Metropolitan Opera Company wanted to have her break her concert engagements to sing for it. This she refused—but is to sing for it in grand opera after her tour is over in the spring. She is staying now with the Netherlands' Minister and his wife, Madame Loudon.

"I hope you had a lovely Christmas. We had, as it was the first day we have had with Eames since he came. With very great love,

"EMILY."

It was one of Emily's characteristic qualities to be faithful to any obligation, in spite of the fact that it might be beyond her physical strength. She was resolute against failure under any conditions. In this spirit she went through all of the numerous social duties of her husband's last official year in Washington. If absolutely confined to her room with acute illness, she called upon her agreeable and efficient friend, Mrs. Marshall Field, to preside at her dinner table. Now, as always, she was equal to the demands upon her.

A summer at their country house in Dublin revived her a little, but her strength did not return.

In a letter dated January 10, 1914, she writes a few details of her illness and adds:

"I only say this to you hoping you may understand how my miseries of the flesh make me another being, which I hope will not lose me many friends, though of course I know it will some. When one cannot keep up one's own end in life one is soon forgotten. I don't complain, as so many clever, delightful and charming women and men come to chat with me because they know I've lost my health. I believe there are few capitals in the world so enchanting and so worth while as Washington—if one were only equal to doing more."

In May, of the same year, she writes:

"I am glad to say that if things go right, I shall be in Chicago about June first for two weeks. I hope to be able to reach there a day or two before, but if I do I shall only let you and my family know of it, as I have some very important business to attend to, and must also spend time at the dentist's. 'Work before pleasure,' as you know, is my precept. When that is over I hope to see my other friends, although I am sorry to say I am not strong enough to do very much. . . .

"In looking over some papers yesterday I found a note of introduction dated May 22, 1906, from you to your beloved Edith who was then in Berlin. It was not presented as we failed to go there. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is now here and it is said that his wife

is expected soon, when I shall take great pleasure in presenting your letter."

In June the promised visit to Chicago was made and I saw this dear life-long friend for the last time. She had not lost her old enthusiasm, but it was tempered. She had always adored intellect and believed in it as a dominant factor in the best social life, as it had been in the days of the great French salons where academicians were made, and genius was petted, and wit flourished. She still had plans for a literary salon on modified lines in Washington now that she was free from the political obligations which inevitably make natural selection on a purely social and intellectual basis impossible.

This had been her cherished dream—and she had to an eminent degree the qualities of a hostess that made the success of the old salons. Her facile sympathy, her gracious manners, her wide range of interests, her discrimination in values, made her house always an attractive centre. She called about her people of fine distinction in all departments of life, indeed she has entertained more notable men and women of both hemispheres than any one I recall. This fine social instinct was her special gift and will long be remembered by those who shared her generous hospitality. But the dream free from limitations, as it pictured itself in her imagination, was destined to remain a dream and nothing more. She did not live to realize it. Perhaps it was impossible,

in any case, to revive the spirit of the past. The conditions that inspired it no longer exist. But it was a pleasant dream, and no one has so nearly made it a reality.

A letter from Dublin dated September 5, 1914, gives a glimpse of her life during the summer:

"My dear friend: I believe you are psychic. The time you saw me in your dream ill in bed I was very ill. . . . But I won't go on in this way. I only wish you to know that I have not been up to doing much either in the way of pleasure or duty. I have not been able to motor until about a week back, and I have gone out but one evening this summer.

"The lectures at the club have been as interesting as they were at their highest point a few years ago, but I have lost nearly all of them. I receive on Mondays and we have had one or two luncheons and dinners at home. I have heard some able men who are very much in the midst of things in Europe, talk of the inside of the war. We are all greatly disturbed and taking it very keenly here. It is certainly the most barbarous war of the world and the Kaiser the most wanton ruler.

"Eames is here on his second little visit. He spent a week in Newport between, and there they do not seem to be feeling in any strained circumstances, for he went every night to balls and dinner-dances—one where one hundred and fifty sat down to dinner and two hundred came in for the ball afterwards. Doesn't



Woolloston, Duxton, New Hampshire

it seem dreadful? It does to me at least. I don't know whether it helps or hurts one to talk of the atrocities going on over there, but we are talking very much here.

"Carrie Williams has made the grounds surrounding her place very beautiful. She has about fifteen acres; one side is given entirely to roads and paths leading to the front door, and the other side she has given to graded terraces with beautiful shrubs, plants, and flowers, done under a good landscape gardener.

"The Charles MacVeaghs are here. Fanny has just finished her book, but as the man who illustrated it is in France with all her plates, and requisitioned into the army, no one can tell when it will be published unless she publishes it with only three illustrations. This I think she will not do for the present, as she has already paid for all his work.

"I am going on with my reminiscences and some other work for relaxation, but I am not myself doing good mental work, although I have the most accomplished assistance. . . .

"The only mail that goes out before Monday will go very shortly, so I must say a loving good-bye."

In another dated Dublin, September 30, 1914, she writes:

"My dear friend: We are all so wrapped up in the war which seems to be getting hotter and hotter, that we cannot think of much else. Professor Schofield and Frank believe there can be but one out-

come in the end—that Great Britain and France are sure to win against Germany.

“I suppose you have heard that Delia is safely back. She is down at the North Shore alone with the children in Catherine Beveridge’s house, very tired out, although she writes she had a pleasant voyage over in the *Mauretania* with very charming people. But not a word of her own experiences did she relate. However, she had been in safety for some time at the Ritz Hotel in London and in the midst of many of her Field family friends. Of course you know that Admiral David Beatty is Ethel Field’s husband.

“Albertine Drummond has been very ill, but is recovering now. Mrs. Dexter and Katharine McCormick came on the same ship with Delia, but I have not seen them—simply heard.

“I have had a very quiet summer with no guests in the house of my own except my physician from Washington, and one or two men friends of Franklin’s. Dublin is getting to be too much of a summer resort for me, but happily I don’t have to see many except on my Mondays, which I regularly keep up.

“Eames is going to live at 1400 this winter. I don’t know what I shall eventually do with the house—certainly I shall not sell it in these poor times.

“I remember with pleasure my month in Chicago in May and June and the many pleasant things that were done for me, and especially I remember the delightful visits we had together. . . .

"I hoped to tell you that Frank and I were likely to come to Chicago to stay possibly until February. I did not want any one but you to know of it, for I know how very much I should have to stay in the house to keep from taking cold. I think society is going to be so difficult in Washington this winter—and different owing to so many people taking sides with the diplomats of the different countries, and to orders coming from those countries that the diplomats must not meet—that I felt I would like to get out of it all, and possibly that I should find myself strong enough, with care, to stand our cold winter. But now my physician forbids it. He thinks the risk too great to take. I shall hope, however, to come out again in the spring. . . .

"Have you heard anything from the O'Shaughnessys? Somebody told me that they went to Europe, but I have not heard since.

"I am devotedly yours,

"EMILY."

With the exception, perhaps, of a single brief line, this was the last letter that Emily ever wrote me. The projected visit to Chicago was never made. The plans we talked over in the summer were never realized. She returned to Washington a few weeks later critically ill, unable to see even her close friends. With short intervals of rallying she continued to fail until May 17, 1916, when she peacefully passed away, serene and uncomplaining to the end.

XVIII

ASIDE from Emily's large executive ability, which showed itself in the arrangement of her domestic and social life, it was not so much what she did herself as what she helped others to do, that counted in the world of art and literature. She gave freely to everything that made for a finer culture. Her charities were large and her public spirit was always alive, but her personal favors were likely to go to people of special gifts who were deserving of better fortune than fate had bestowed. To those who served her she was generous and kind. Of a lack of generosity she was not very tolerant. She was thoughtful too of friends less fortunate than herself. If they had any distinction of mind or character, together with a certain language of good breeding which is more easily felt than defined, money or the lack of it did not count with her. Yet she was fully appreciative of all the beautiful things money can buy, as well as of the privileges it brings. She loved her friends with a sort of exclusiveness that made her a strong partisan, and she had a great deal of the *esprit du corps* which is the life of a society or a coterie. She always preserved the capacity for passionate admiration and devotion which marked her childhood. If it sometimes warped her judgment, it



Emily Carnes MacVough
from a photograph 1911

gave her the impulse to carry to successful conclusion many things that would otherwise have fallen in the beginning. Her energy was boundless. She never stopped at obstacles; indeed, they served to strengthen her determination and fire her courage, which was unfailing. Years tempered her enthusiasms a little, but at bottom she remained the same.

In all her relations she was fortunate. The world lavished upon her its choicest gifts and gave her the opportunity to make the most of whatever talents nature had given her. I once heard her say, before her greatest sorrow fell upon her, that she had always found the fullest compensation in life as it went on from day to day. It was a part of her sunny, optimistic temper to enjoy the passing hour without too much fear of darker hours to come. She was not introspective, and spent little time in self analysis of any sort. Her vision was outward, not inward. This may have been partly because her abounding energies never left her without an immediate aim. When one was attained, another took its place. To inevitable suffering she presented a brave face. Nothing daunted her indomitable courage. In every life, even the most favored, there are moments of *ennui* when the dim consciousness of the insufficiency of all things comes uppermost, and the outlook is gray with shadows, but in Emily's these moments were rare and I think only followed some definite sorrow or continued ill health.

Her qualities were those of a strong, energetic, dominant nature tempered by keen sensibilities, large sympathies, a generous disposition, and a full measure of the tact that is one of the first of social gifts. Self-willed and masterful she was, and these qualities were accented, perhaps, as the years went on, but they are traits of all forceful characters and did not make her less lovable. If she was not always quite just to an adversary, her quick sensibilities, ready sympathy, and warm temperament, usually saved her from hardness. If it seemed necessary to be hard for the moment to carry an important point, a sudden impulse in the end would melt away all bitterness of feeling. She never cherished an enmity.

There was a strong element of romance in her nature and her vivid imagination was apt to see things as she would have them. Perhaps no optimist sees things precisely as they are; a certain glamour transfigures the hardest facts—which is the charm of being an optimist. Here lies half the joy of living.

In spite of her love of traditions and her taste for the relics of an artistic past, she was eminently a woman of her age. Since she could not have the old distinctions, and did not care for shadows, she wished to create new ones on present-day lines. She liked to decorate and beautify the modern. She had the adaptation, the eye for availability and effect, the familiarity with classic forms, to do this without losing the mellow atmosphere of age which is fast going out of the world.

In all the arts of refined social life she made herself distinctly felt wherever she lived. Her house was always a centre of culture with a perfectly appointed background of material elegance.

"How I miss Emily MacVeagh!" said an able and accomplished woman to me not long ago. "She was the most inspiring woman I have ever known."

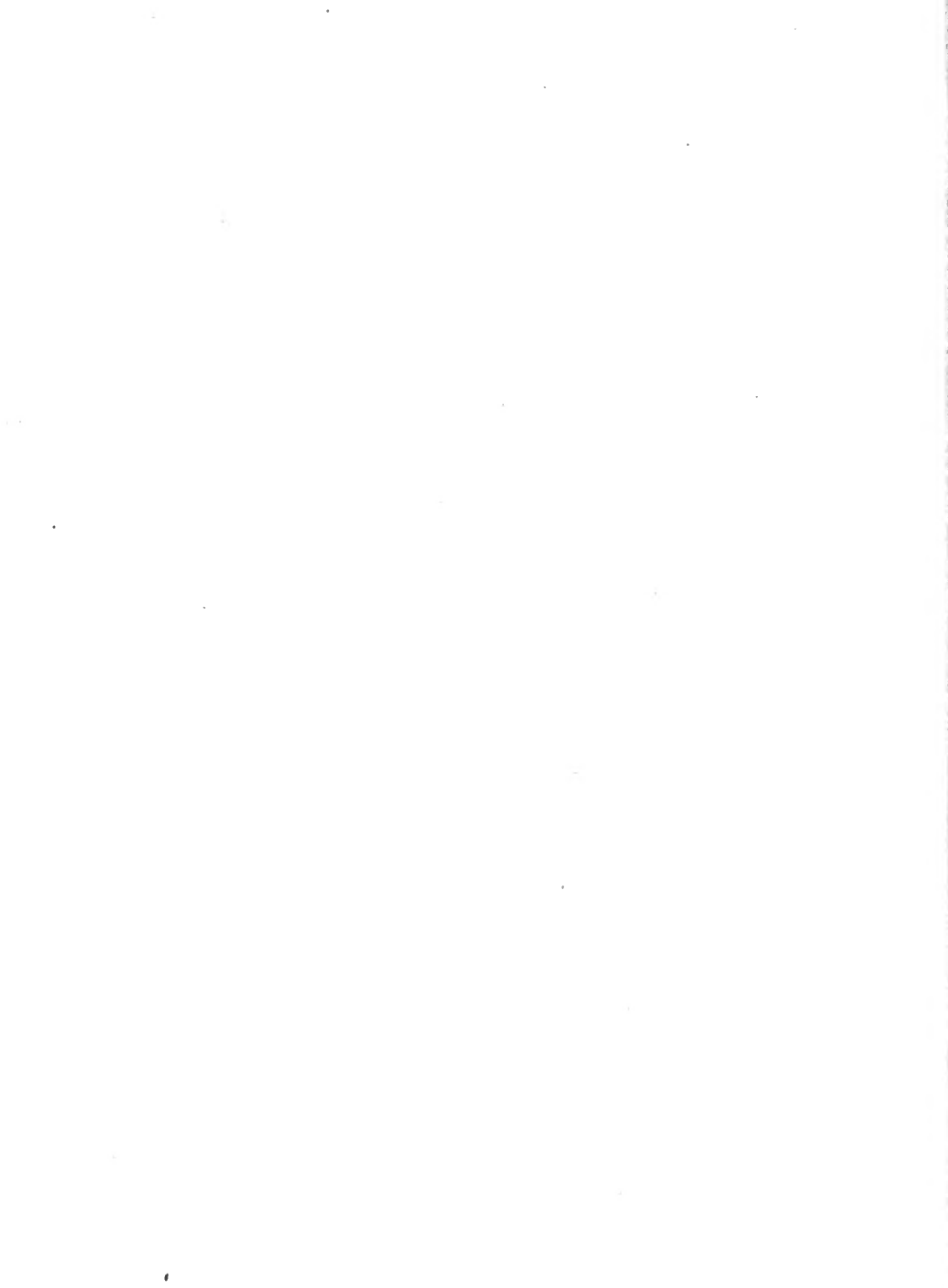
Taken as a whole, Emily MacVeagh's life seems to have been a singularly successful one, not without clouds—as what life is?—but with a minimum of disappointments and a large measure of happiness. It had unity of aim and opportunity, and it compassed its most cherished ends.

To be the idol of one's family; to have a congenial and sympathetic companion; to be brave, affectionate, tender, and strong; to prize beautiful things and be able to command them; to see and know the best the world can offer; to look with rose-colored glasses on life that is so often gray and sombre; to love and be loved much; to realize one's dearest dreams and fairly attain the things one has most wished for; to have inspired and blessed many other lives—what more can one ask of a Divinity that rarely scatters earthly treasures with a lavish hand?

And now, dear friend of a lifetime, farewell. The book is closed, but its vivid pictures still live, though I see them today through a mist of tears. Gone is the sunny, laughing face of childhood, that looked

out upon the world so eagerly; gone are the dreams of youth, with the intense joy of living; hushed are the untiring activities of all the years. The light has faded from the hopeful eyes. The loving smile has fled from lips that are cold and silent. But in some new world beyond the stars, I see fresh perspectives open, and the soul awakened to finer spiritual issues, pursuing other dreams to other heights.

PRESS OF THE FAITHORN COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 044565775